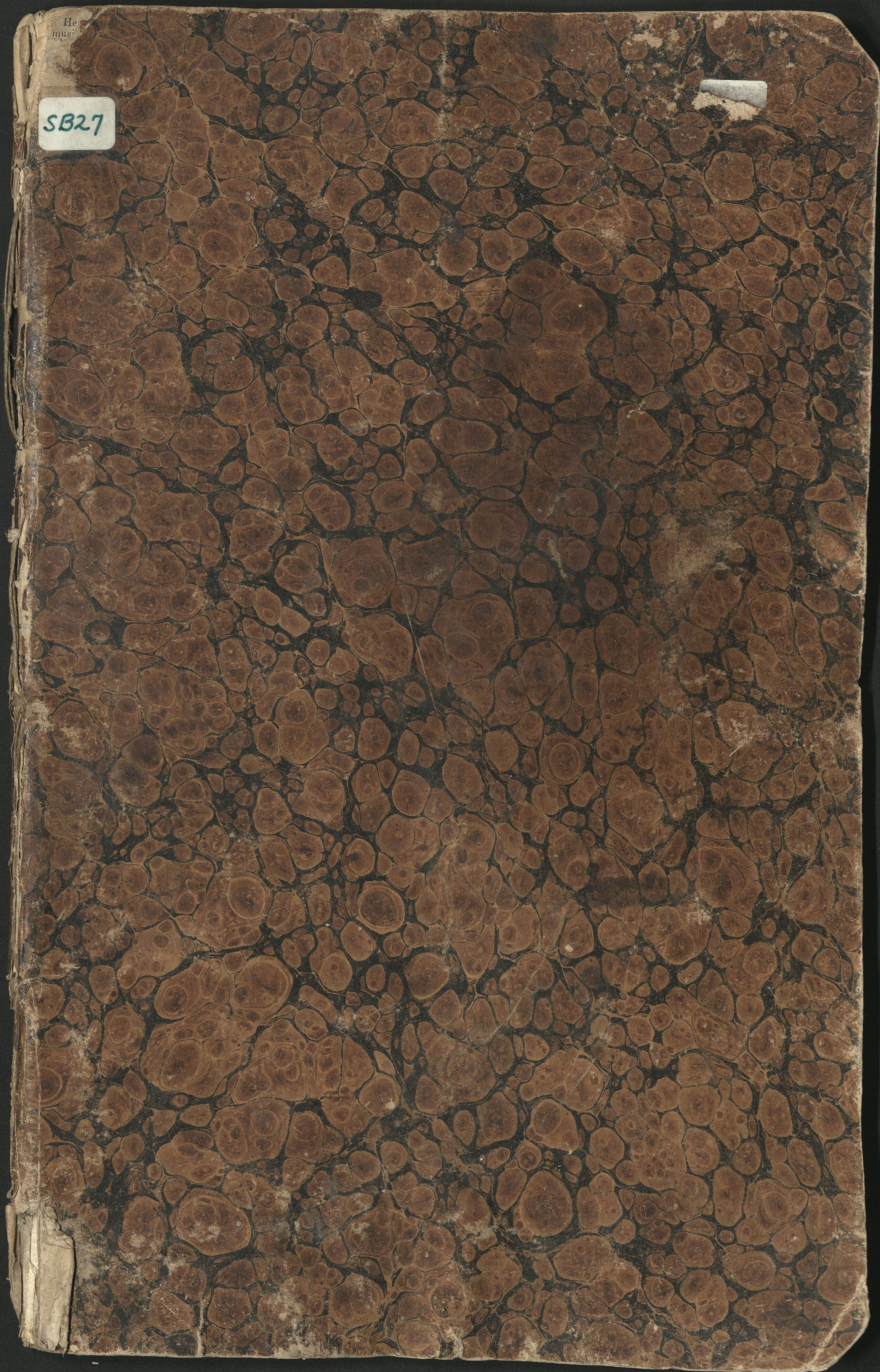


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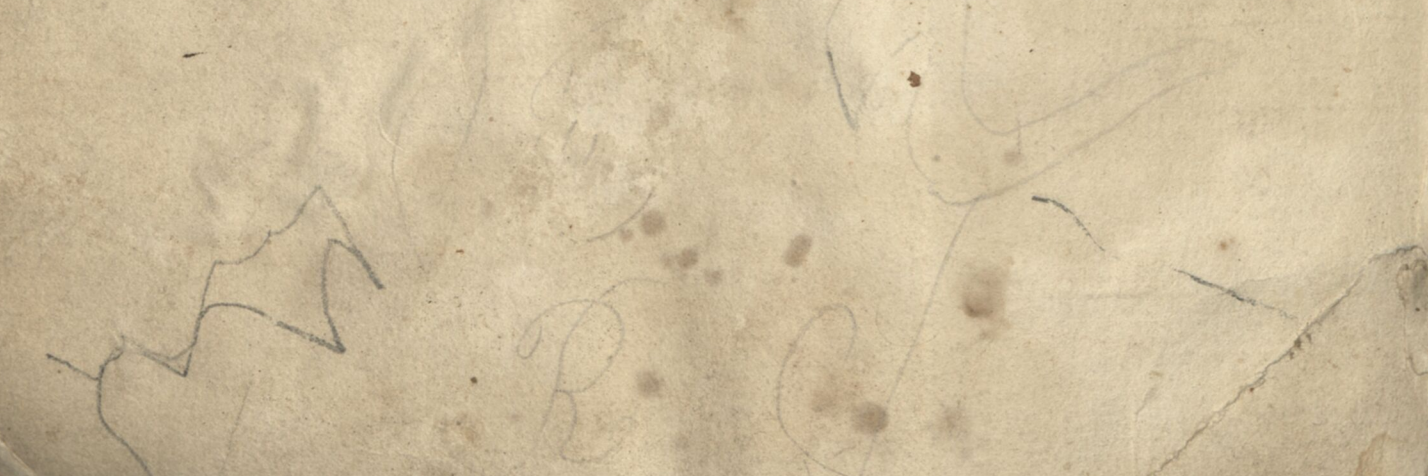
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Ex. 100



Music.

Here in Providence, there is scarcely any music at all,—neither vocal nor instrumental. We used to have Swiss singers, (the Rainers) whose sweet strains echoed back upon their native hills and valleys, returning to us laden with mountain fragrance, filling the fancy with all sorts of simple and beautiful flowers. They went and did not return,—no others came in their places until the Hutchinsons appeared,—a free and brave phalanx from the old granite hills. Their music was greeted with great acclamation. They brought with them the breezy freshness of their native hills, and with simplicity and pathos, won the hearts of those who heard them. They are now singing to large audiences in England. The newspaper mentions that they were received with great applause in Manchester, whose inhabitants are said to be peculiarly gifted, and highly cultivated in the art of music,—so much so, that it well received there, performers are sure of a good reception in London, and other parts of England. Manchester, we know, is a manufacturing city, and therefore this fact seems the more extraordinary, for it is natural to suppose that where the mechanic arts, or any one of them, pervades a community, as manufacturing does that, the fine arts have scarcely any chance of attention; and we might have offered it as a reason why Providence is so deficient in good music. Once in a while we hear of some itinerant singers or players, who probably hearing of the ill success of fine musicians, think their music adapted to our meridian; and they are assured of it, by having crowded houses.

Braham sang himself out of an audience, although there were some persons of good taste enough to admire the veteran of song.

Nagel and Herwig played to respectable houses as wonders in the art of playing; it was also said that Nagel was chief performer to a German Prince, or Swedish monarch! A solemn fop, he seemed, catching the attention of the audience by little tricks on his violin, and imitating Paganini, by breaking all the strings but one, on which he finished the piece. This, no doubt, required a sleight of hand, if not skill,—and to do him justice, he played generally with a good deal of skill, at least to our unpracticed ears; we however preferred very much Herwig's natural and simple strains, sparkling with fancy. As he went on, the tones of his instrument deepened and deepened, inspiring the master by its sweet utterances to more and more success, and giving him the air of a composer instead of a performer in the art. The expression of his countenance was a very agreeable feature in his performance,—always good natured, at times it kindled up into an illumination of pleasure altogether contagious. He did not pay the audience any compliment in the selection of his pieces; and it is generally observable that musicians treat us in that way, which offers some excuse for their meagre reception. Ole Bull did not play his best pieces here, and some persons of musical taste and talent complained on that as well as on other occasions, and gave it as a reason why they did not attend concerts. It is a pity there should not be an understanding in this matter: that the cultivated ear might be gratified, and the uneducated taught to appreciate good music, which never can be done until they have experience in the art. Knoop was a glorious performer on the Violoncello, and it is difficult to distinguish whether we were the most indebted to him or his instrument, which gave utterance to such rich and deep expression: it is the richest instrument we ever heard; its sounds are like the deep and varied tints of an autumn sunset, or the rich colors of its gorgeous foliage: it seems to give expression to every variety of sound, from the highest to the lowest, from the deepest to the faintest: it is, in another point of view, difficult to distinguish the artist from his instrument: he seems a part of it, is absorbed in it, and from the time he first draws the bow across its strings to the last stroke he makes upon it, he never raises his eye or moves a muscle. To us, his imperturbability was deeply interesting;—the absence of all external impression,—it was an earnest of profound thought and emotion, a withdrawing from impression and superficial susceptibility, to feeling and apprehension. When he and Madame de Gony were playing together one evening here, fine was cried; she, anxious, and looking in all directions, particularly to him for counsel,—he, silent and absorbed in his instrument, did not look up at all from it, and finished his piece without moving a muscle. The contrast was not only interesting but amusing. We have never heard Cinti, nor Casman, Vieuxtemps, nor Artot, and therefore cannot speak of them in any manner—and it is to be feared we shall not have any more fine music for a long time to come. Ole Bull we have only glanced at, and indeed our experience says that music is so small as scarcely to admit of the in any respect, and we can only give by impressions. This fine performer, whose heart has thrilled the hearts of so many persons of taste and feeling in our country, we have only heard twice, and under the disadvantages already alluded to; still, once hearing of the Norwegian minstrel is enough to arouse our sympathy to his merits, which we are sure a few more exhibitions would have established. Once hearing is enough, too, to transport us back to his native mountains, where echo returns the

sound in a thousand fold greater degree of richness and melody. No one can hear him once without desiring to hear him again, it would seem, for every draw of his bow is an introduction into that inner world where lie masses of sunlight ready to color and adorn the flowers of his fancy, and when we go to hear him again, we look as eagerly for those flowers as we do for violets and primroses in spring-time.

The fine arts, generally, are the refiners of character,—they expand and elevate the nature, develop the finer instincts of humanity, and arouse the love of the beautiful and the true, in the soul. Music, in an especial manner, does this. In our own individual instance we have frequently experienced its transforming effects, in the services of the church, when, after a cold repetition of words, it has come to us like fire to frozen limbs, restoring the benumbed faculties to life, and awakening a spirit of devotion,—which before lay chilled in the arms of death. In its unwritten mode, it is the voice of God,—the love of angels, the harmony of nature, the beauty of the world; it is the life of all the arts, the substance of poetry, sculpture, architecture and painting,—the soul of all things. R.

* Since the above article was written, Mr. Dempster has given two concerts here.

A Bold Preacher.

The boldness of Samuel Davies (a qualification so important, that St. Paul requested the Christians to pray that it might be given him) will be illustrated by a single anecdote. When President of Princeton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution. The King (George II.) had a curiosity to hear a preacher from the "wilds of America." He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house, in such terms as these: "He is a wonderful man! Why, he beats my Bishop!" &c.

Davies, observing that the king was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone, the following beautiful rebuke: "When the lion roareth, let the beasts of the forest tremble! and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The king instantly shrunk back in his seat, like a boy that had been rapped over the head by the master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers, "He is an honest man; an honest man." Not one of his sullen bishops would have dared to give him such a reproof.

Anecdote of Dr. Harris.

The late Dr. Harris, of Dunbarton, walking out one day in one of the large villages of a neighboring State, he met one of the champions of Universalism. It was Gen. P—, the leader and main supporter of the large Universalist society, which had for many years existed in that place. He was a highminded man, quite wealthy, and very influential—having a good deal of general information, and considerable skill in argument—which last he did not hesitate to use whenever and wherever opportunities were presented. He and Dr. H. were personally strangers; but knowing something of each other by reputation, they readily introduced themselves. The General very soon lifted up his standard, and began his war of words—not doubting that, though he might fail to convince his opponent, he could at least show him that he was no ordinary combatant: but knew well on what ground he stood, and how to wield the sword of sectarian warfare to good advantage. The Doctor heard him through: then calmly turned to him and said—"General P—, it is of no use for us to contend. We shall probably not convince each other, by arguments ever so protracted. But there is one thing in relation to this matter which deserves consideration. It is this, I can treat your religion just as I please. I can turn from it, as an utter abomination. I can despise it. I can spit on it, and trample it under my feet—and yet after all I shall be saved—shan't I, General P—?" The General, of course, was obliged to assent, or give up the doctrine. There was no room for evasion. "But," added the Doctor, while the General was writhing at the contempt thus thrown upon his gods, "it will not do for you to treat my religion so. If you do, you are a lost man!" This was enough—nothing more was said.

A Card.—John Waterman & Co. return their thanks to the members of the Fire Department of this city for the promptness with which they proceeded to their mill at the alarm, yesterday morning.

The Heathen Boy's Poetry.

attended a Monthly Concert the other day which the following anecdote was related.

At a certain mission it was customary to invite children to contribute to charitable and religious objects, as well as older people. One day a little boy, very poor and ragged, came to the missionaries and told them he wanted to give something but had nothing in the world.

"You see," said he, "how poor I am, I have nothing that is my own, but these rags. But I sometimes write poetry, and if that will be of any use to you, I will bring you some."

In order to see what he would do, the missionaries told him he might bring them some poetry. Soon after he returned with the following:

ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARIES.

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on."

This was the best he could do, and perhaps the little boy's offering was accepted by Him who said of the poor widow and her two mites, "She hath cast in more than they all."

The Boston Celebration.—This is a great day. The streets swarm with living masses—there is a new eruption of the volcano of popular sentiment; and city and country have sent out their forces to tell how the thing works. A curious spectacle truly. Army against army arrayed to battle with an enemy, and yet no fighting save such as may be intimated, in an endeavor to preserve the happiness and sanctity of the hearth and home—no warfare save the war of the spirit against the worm of the still and the stupefaction of the senses! See them move now—that "army with banners!" A great cause is theirs, and they glory in it. It is another Reformation for the world, and he who first commenced it is the LUTHER of the times. Never before did our Common present such a spectacle—that Common which has been trodden from time to time by its myriad of hosts of citizens and soldiers. Men, women, and children are "up and moving," and have been since the break of day—they are all in unison with each other, and hope by their public doings to rivet the bands yet closer. They meet together in masses. There are the gentry and sturdy yeomanry from the best counties in good old Massachusetts, hand in hand with our own citizens—there are our reverend clergy—there are the most active Temperance Societies—there is the gallant crew of the Ohio, all pledged not only to support the country like good men and true, but to live soberly with abstinence for their law. It is a noble view, which way soever we may regard it; whether we look at it morally, or whether we gaze upon it with the actual eye, and try to count the congregated masses.

But "the Teetotalers are coming with the cold water pledge"—they have passed out of the Mall, now, and we must throw aside the pen, and haste to get a glimpse of the phalanx. Here's a health to the Rechabites! We quaff to them in the purest nectar—in the draught that "strengtheneth life and limb." Then—

"Fill to the brim! Fill to the brim,
Let the flowing chrysal kiss the rim!
For their hands are steady, their eyes are true,
For they, like the flowers, drink nought but dew!
So hurrah! for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art ribbon and star!
Hurrah! for bright water! Hurrah, hurrah!"

[Boston Trans., Thursday, May 29.]

The Flight of Time.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way!
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there;
Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither—
Then, like visions, hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

A PILL FOR A DUELIST.—An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at a theater to an officer's lady, the officer feeling himself much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed, that not having been accustomed to shoot, he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill box, and taking from thence two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, Sir, you certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms. Here are, therefore, two pills; one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless; we are, therefore, on equal ground, if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

Ware and and Brett

In 45 cwt 3 qrs 21 lb gross tare 8 lb percent how much neat weight

cwt	qrs	lb	oz
45	3	21	0
3	1	3	0
42	2	11	0

What is the neat weight of 8 hhdts of sugar at \$9.54 ds per cwt each weighing 10 cwt 1 qrs 14 lb gross tare 14 lb percent

cwt	qrs	lb	oz
14	1	14	0
1	1	5	4
9	0	8	12
8			

1	9.54	72	2	14	0
4		4			
28		296			
112		33			
2324					
581					
8134					
954					
32530					
40670					
73200					
112/7159836					
672					
1039					
1608					
318					
224					
943					
895					
470					
448					
280					
224					
56					
56					

Case IV

What nett is allowed with the tare
1 find the tare, which, subtract from the gross call
the remainder subtle.

2 Divide the subtle by 16 and the quotient will be the nett which
Subtract from the subtle and the remainder will be the neat weight

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My Soul is Lost.—A few years ago, the writer of this article was called to stand by the bed side of a dying man. I looked upon him; his eyes were closed; his lips moving, and he seemed to be talking to himself in a low tone of voice. As I stood bent over his dying form, almost in breathless silence to hear what he was saying, these words distinctly fell on my ear, "My soul is lost!" The feelings of my heart at that time, I can never express here. I beheld a fellow mortal about to exchange worlds with the awful and solemn expression on his dying lips, "My soul is lost." I was led to exclaim, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Dear unconverted friends, you who read these lines, remember that if our souls are lost, all is lost; once gone, forever gone. Years have now rolled away, yet at times the words of the poor dying man seem to sound in my ear. O, be entreated, dear sinner, to seek the salvation of your precious and immortal soul before it shall be forever too late.

April, 1844.

[Morning Star.]

CHRISTMAS.

To M.

Come to thy home, the golden years are flying,
Why lose thy treasure on a foreign shore?
Come to the home of early joy and sorrow,
And leave its hearth to loneliness no more;
Think of thy chamber, ere the ray of morning,
While fancy roamed through many a joyous dream,
When tiny feet came stealing to thy pillow
And voices woke thee with a merry scream;
Think of thy ceiling, whitened by the snow-light,
When dawn of Christmas cheered the dying year.
While the star, glimmering through the frosted window,
Brought to thy happy eyes a trembling tear.
Why gaze we on the failing gleam of even,
Dreaming of one beyond the frozen sea?
While over yon far hills and leafless forest
No wintry zephyr whispereth of thee.
No waving hand above the dim horizon
Shines through the fading rose of yonder sky,
For even to musing fancy's shadowy vision
There cometh to our greetings no reply.

Tom Pinch.

ROBBERY AND DEFEAT OF JUSTICE.—Several months since a merchant of Philadelphia named McGregor was robbed of several Post Notes of \$500 each on the Planters' Bank of Tennessee. He gave notice of his loss to the Bank at the time, with the numbers of the notes, secured the Bank by a bond, and received the full value of the notes. On the 8th of October last a man entered the exchange office of Maj. Nourse, Washington, giving his name as John C. Gandolte, Charleston, S. C., and offered one of the notes payable at the Bank of Pennsylvania, and received current money therefor, less the discount. This note was forwarded to the Pennsylvania Bank, where payment was of course refused, and the above facts given as a reason. Another note of \$500 having been exchanged in Pittsburgh since this was passed to Maj. Nourse, intimation of the fact was sent to the editors of the Police Gazette of this city, who caused the arrest of a policy (lottery) dealer here named William H. Mitchell, as the guilty party. He was taken to Philadelphia and there fully committed by Recorder Vaux on the charge of robbery, but succeeded in persuading a man named Allen Coffin to bail him. He then returned to this city and established a policy office in Mott street, appearing to have lots of money. On Friday last Maj. Nourse arrived in this city from Washington, called at the Gazette office, and stated the facts in his case; when the editors of the Gazette caused the arrest of Mitchell on the charge of passing the note on Maj. Nourse, who fully recognised him, made an affidavit of the facts, charging him as a fugitive from justice in the District of Columbia. Mitchell was examined on the charge at the Gazette office, by Justice Drinker, and made admissions tending strongly to establish his guilt. He was then taken by Justice Drinker, accompanied by two police officers, to the Sixth Ward Station House, and there instead of being committed to prison to await a requisition from the District Judge on Gov. Wright, was kept at the Station House by Justice Drinker until a person sent for by Mitchell came, whom Justice Drinker took as bail in the sum of \$500! (one fifth of the amount of the robbery) and suffered Mitchell to go at liberty! Such a thing as receiving bail for a fugitive from justice was never known before.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FIXED FOR CONTEMPT.—Mr. Camp, one of the editors of the National Police Gazette, was fined \$25 yesterday, by Justice Drinker, for contempt of court, in threatening the Justice while upon the bench with impeachment, for admitting Mitchell above named to bail.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Prince Albert having distributed, at his own expense, a pamphlet by Dr. Buckland, wherein the proper treatment of the potato, under existing circumstances is set forth—Punch thinks it would have been a great deal better, 'under existing circumstances,' to have distributed the potatoes instead of the pamphlets.

DIED.

In this city, on Tuesday morning, EMILY WILLIAMS Brown, aged 2 years, 11 months and 24 days, only child of Edwin H. and Louisa M. Brown.

Funeral to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, from 246 S Main st.

In Johnston, on Monday, 12th inst, Mr ABRAHAM W. WATERMAN, in the 25th year of his age.

Funeral on Thursday, at 1 o'clock, p. m., from the residence of his father, Mr William Waterman.

In Swansey, N. H., 22d ult, Mr NATHANIEL HILLS, aged 90, a soldier of the revolution.

On board whaleship Neptune, of New London, on the passage thence to the Pacific, no date, JAMES MILLER, of Eastport.

Annual Abstract of Interments in the City of Providence, during the year 1845.

	INTERMENTS.										Total.
	Males.	Females.	Married.	Single.	Widows.	White.	Colored.	Resident.	Non-Resident.		
January,	33	31	8	56	6	0	57	7	59	5	64
February,	29	25	10	44	3	5	51	3	49	5	54
March,	34	28	14	48	0	0	60	2	61	1	62
April,	21	29	13	37	5	0	47	3	46	4	50
May,	23	29	16	36	4	0	50	2	48	4	52
June,	22	28	14	38	5	1	43	9	50	2	52
July,	37	38	18	57	1	1	73	2	68	7	75
August,	48	38	13	73	4	2	84	2	76	10	86
September,	34	29	15	48	1	1	60	3	56	7	63
October,	46	39	14	62	7	3	67	9	69	7	76
November,	39	23	12	50	5	0	54	8	59	3	62
December,	38	29	10	57	3	1	63	4	64	3	67
	406	357	157	606	44	14	709	54	705	58	763

OF THE FOLLOWING AGES.

Still Born,	49	Between forty and fifty,	52
Under one year,	156	" fifty and sixty,	30
Between one and two,	95	" sixty and seventy,	20
" two and five	89	" seventy and eighty,	18
" five and ten,	38	" eighty and ninety,	22
" ten and twenty-one	40	" ninety & one hundred!	1
" twentyone and thirty	75		
" thirty and forty	68	Total,	763

OF THE FOLLOWING DISEASES.

Abscess,	3	Fever Typhus,	7
Accident,	14	Gangrene,	1
Anemia,	1	Gastritis,	4
Aneurism,	1	Gastro Enteritis,	1
Aphæ,	1	Gout,	1
Aptha Læta,	1	Hemoptysis,	1
Apoplexy,	6	Hemorrhage Uterine,	3
" Pulmonary,	1	Hepatitis,	5
Asphyxia,	1	Hernia,	1
Angina Pectoris,	1	Hydrocephalus,	22
Bronchitis,	7	Hydrothorax,	4
Burn,	1	Infantile Thrush,	1
Cancer,	3	Inflammation of Uterus,	1
Canker of Bowels,	1	" Throat,	1
Capital Pouchment,	1	Intemperance,	6
Catarh, Putrid,	1	Killed,	1
" Pulmonalis,	1	Malfornation,	3
Cholera Infantum,	40	Marasmus,	16
Cholera Morbus,	4	Measles,	5
Cholic Bilious,	10	Meningitis,	1
Congestion of the Brain,	10	Old Age,	27
Constipation,	35	Paralysis,	5
Convulsions,	35	Perforation of the Stomach,	1
Coxalgia,	1	Peripneumonia,	1
Croup,	26	Peritonitis,	1
Cyanche Maligna,	1	Phrenitis,	9
" Trachealis,	3	Phthisis Pulmonalis,	171
Cyanosis, or Blue Skin,	1	Pneumonia,	29
Debility,	1	Poisoning Accidental,	1
Delirium Tremens,	7	Premature Birth,	5
Dentition,	3	Rickets,	5
Diabetes,	3	Rheumatism,	1
Diarrhoea,	27	Scarlaitina Maligna,	1
Disease of the Heart,	5	Scrofula,	2
Dropsy,	14	Spasms,	1
Drowned,	11	Small Pox,	1
Dysentery,	14	Spinitis,	2
Enteritis,	7	Still Born,	48
Epilepsy,	1	Suicide,	4
Erysipelas,	2	Tumor Abdominal,	1
Fever,	3	Unknown,	41
" Bilious,	5	Vermes,	1
" Nervous,	2	Whooping Cough,	9
" Puerperal,	1		
" Putrid,	1	Total,	763
" Scarlat,	34		

POPULATION A. D. 1845.

White Males,	14,914	Colored Females,	863
" Females,	15,363		
Colored Males,	613	Total,	31,753

ALBERT PARODIE, City Clerk.

Honest John Whipple.

I was not present at the last Fenner meeting, but have been since informed that the Hon. Honest John came down with tremendous wrath upon Mr. Simmons because he had signified his determination to vote for a Whig instead of a Democrat for the office of Governor—to vote for a man who was opposed (with every other honest and consistent Whig throughout the country) to what he deems the ruinous measure of annexation in preference to one who, contrary to duty, and to the express wish of those who elected him, has, it is believed, given his personal and official influence for the consummation of that project—because he is in favor of the men and measure by which alone harmony and quiet can once more be restored to a torn and distracted state. The offence of Mr. Simmons "hath this extent—no more."

* How such a man as Honest John Whipple can stand up in a public assembly of his fellow citizens and denounce the very identical person who has been for years, and up almost to the hour of this Fenner meeting, the object of their unceasing praise and most false adulation—and this too, merely because Mr. S. differed from him on the points here mentioned, and consequently could not, as an honest man and consistent public servant, so far swerve from the line of duty as to render himself obnoxious to the charge of violating the confidence originally reposed in him by his now vassillating constituents—is strange indeed.

What could have called forth the remarks? Could Honest John have been influenced by the hope of political advantage? Certainly not. As a politician and particularly as a Whig all must admit him to be "the very mark and model of the times—the shrine and sacristy of virtue." Could he have anticipated professional advantage? By no means—else he would not be honest John.—Perhaps, sified to the bottom, it would be found after all, to grow out of his showy personal attachment to the friends of HENRY CLAY and even to HENRY CLAY himself!!!

The veil is removed—the mystery unravelled—the plot discovered!!

TIMON OF ATHENS.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—A genteelly dressed young man, who gave his name as Albion Floyd, was arrested on Saturday by Messrs. Zell, Ridgeley and Cook, police officers, on suspicion of being the perpetrator of several extensive robberies in Baltimore and Washington cities, and elsewhere. Upon his person was found a large and valuable diamond ring, and a variety of jewelry which was stolen from Lieut. Wm. D. Porter, of the Navy, while boarding at the United States Hotel, Washington; a lady's gold watch and chain, the property of the wife of Mr. Fuller, of Fuller's Hotel, Washington; a valuable gold lever hunting watch, with heavy gold guard, identified by Mr. G. D. Clark, of this city, as being the one he sold to Mr. Hurt-but, who was recently robbed of it and some jewelry at Barnum's Hotel; together with a large variety of jewelry, such as gold pencil cases, breast-pins, rings, hair pins, necklaces, &c. In his trunks were also found a variety of jewelry, of every description; several gold watches; an olive over coat, marked on the loop of the collar, "Col. J. W. Webb;" a lady's portfolio, with the name of Miss Woodbury on it, and a package of letters directed to her, together with a variety of clothing.

A female passing by the name of Mrs. Clark, who came to this city in company with Floyd, was likewise arrested on suspicion of being connected with him in the robberies. An examination was had before Walton Gray, Esq., who, deeming the evidence against Mrs. Clark insufficient to warrant her detention, ordered her to be discharged. Floyd was remanded for a further examination.—*Baltimore American, Monday.*

WOMAN.—Perhaps a more just or beautiful compliment was never paid to woman than the following from Judge Story:—

To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure and of power may have passed by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the virgils of the dead, the altars never missed the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which know not and fears not consequences. Then she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which neither murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious over death itself.

SUPOSED ROBBERY AND MURDER.—Capt. Winters and officer Armfield yesterday afternoon arrested two men named Henry Leach and George Campbell, supposed to be implicated in the murder of a man named Otis Arnold, who was killed yesterday, and upon whose remains an inquest was held, and a verdict rendered that he had "come to his death by being run over by a dray."

Leach, when arrested, had \$540 in cash, some letters and other papers belonging to Arnold, and a gold watch, which was identified as property of deceased.—*N. O. Picayune, Jan.*

Hear ye not that dying sigh?

Borne on wings of storm and tempest,

Hear ye not the mournful cry?

O'er the ocean and the desert,

Comes a deep and piercing call;

Child of Jesus! ransomed spirit!

Lo the summer comes to all.

Shall we prize earth's tarnished glories,

When our lives so swiftly fade?

Shall we hoard its sordid treasures,

When the wounded die for aid?

Souls redeemed from sin and sorrow!

Shall the friendless heathen die,

With no pitying hand to point them

To the Saviour's melting eye?

Lamb of God, thou slain Redeemer!

Shall we still reject the plea,

While its voice of bitter anguish,

Echoes o'er the moaning sea?

Heralds of the lowly Saviour!

Fame and pleasure "count as dross;"

Life is waning, hasten onward,

Lead the wanderers to his cross.

See! the final scene is hastening,

Graves and seas yield up their dead,

Lo! the pagan and the bondman

Haste to crown a Saviour's head.

Tare and Trett

What is the neat weight of 3 hives of wax each weighing 9 cwt 3 qrs
14 lb gross tare 10 lb per cwt and allowing trett as usual

Cut

$$\begin{array}{r}
 4 \\
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Lines on the death of an only Daughter

BY MRS. A. L. ANGLER.
 "I cannot feel that she is dead!"
 With arms about me flung,
 Like some bright jewel round my neck,
 But yesterday she hung.
 I cannot feel that she is dead!
 And oft, with throbbing ear
 I list, to catch her shout of mirth
 I loved so well to hear.
 I cannot feel that she is dead!
 And at her cradle side
 I bend, to watch her gentle breath
 My blessing and my pride!
 I cannot feel that she is dead!
 This ringlet is as fair
 As when upon her sunny brow
 It fell in beauty there.

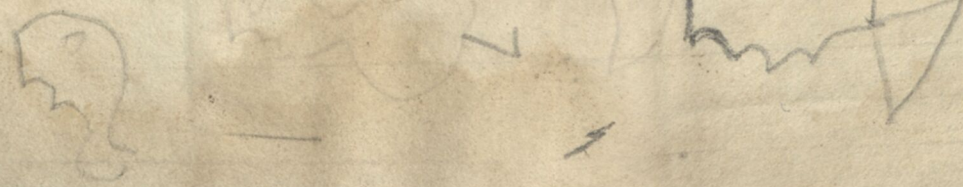
In 25 barrels of figs each 84 lb gross tare 12 lb per cwt trett 4 lb per
10.4 how many pounds neat

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 112 \times 12 = 2100 \\
 12 \\
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 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
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 \end{array}$$

Case V

When tare trett and cloff allowed deduct the tare and trett as
before and divide the suttle by 158 because 2 lb is the 100 of 30wt
the quotient will be the cloff which subtract from the suttle and
the remainder will be the neat weight



EXPLOSION
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EXPLOSION.—One of the boilers in the steam mill of John Waterman & Co., Olneyville, exploded yesterday morning about half an hour before sunrise. The boilers are in a building separate from the factory, and the only damage done was by the concussion, by which so thirty feet of the wall was blown down. The boiler house was torn to pieces. Two men were injured, Mr. Potter slightly and Mr. Preston, a fireman, severely, but in the opinion of the physicians, not mortally. An examination of the premises shows that had the explosion taken place while the mill was in operation, no other person would have been injured. This shows the great advantage of placing the boilers in a separate building.

TRIAL OF NICHOLAS S. GORDON.—This interesting trial, which has occupied so much of the time of the Court, resulted in the Jury not being able to agree in a verdict, nine of them, as we learn, being for the acquittal of the prisoner, and three against it. The Jury were discharged on Thursday evening, and the indictment continued to the next term for another trial. The Court admitted the prisoner to bail, after the Jury was discharged, in the sum of \$10,000. His sureties are Jeremiah Baggott, L. Devlin, J. B. Hennessey, J. Malay, P. Camble, Wm. Mayglin, M. Fitzgerald, C. Hack et, J. Welch.

A FACT AND A MORAL.—There is a high perpendicular old rock, raising itself sternly in the middle of Lake Champlain near Plattsburgh. It is called Rock Independence. One misty morning, during the last war, a British squadron passed close to the old rock. Mistaking a vessel the commander hailed it, but received no answer. He hailed again, louder than before, but still the old rock was silent.

"D—n the Yankee," muttered the commander, "give him a broadside."

The broadside was of course fired, but the shot poured back from its hard, grey sides among his own men.

"That's your game, is it?" said the commander, "give 'em another!"

And so they did, and again the old rock hurled back the British shot. And it was not till he was severely crippled and the light grew stronger, that he discovered what sort of an adversary he had encountered. He wisely drew off to St. Johns to refit, determined to be certain of his enemy before he gave battle again.

"Why," said Mr. Clay composedly, trying to disengage his garment, "my opinion is that this coat will tear if you don't let it go!"

On a blank leaf journal of our voyage, I find the following lines traced in pencil:

REQUIEM.

Lost victims of the surge!

Rest in your quiet graves,

For you, the only dirge

Is the ocean's moaning waves;

Within the shady bowers,

Which gem the mighty deep,

On bed of flowers

Sleep!

Dream the calm dream of death,

And leave not that sweet mound

On which ye sleep,

Until the awakening breath

Of the last trump shall sound,

To bid the deep blue waves

Release from their crystal caves

The dead.

When it sounds, lift your eyes

Up to Heaven's radiant skies;

Sleepers! your glad pinions spread,

Which relentless death has bound:

Victims of the sea, awake!

And from your eyes

Death's gloomy bandage take—

Then, arise!

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—We learn by a correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, that the steamboat "Old Hickory," on board which Henry Clay was a passenger, run on a dam in middle of the Ohio River near the mouth of the Cumberland, on the 27th ult. The passengers were all saved and a portion of the cargo, but it is feared the boat will be a total loss. The boat was owned by the Captain, and cost \$25,000. The writer heard of another boat which snagged in coming up, and all on board perished. He probably referred to the Belle Zane.

The number of paupers in Great Britain is computed to be four millions, or on the whole, one part of the population of the empire

A melancholy bereavement has occurred in the family of Mr. A. C. Squire, of Columbia, S.C. In less than the space of one month, they have lost five children—all but one of scarlet fever. On the 19th March, Esther, an infant, died; on the 26th, Elihu, aged 3 years; on the 7th, Julia, aged 3; on the 12th, Clark, aged 7; and on the 14th, Louisa, aged 9. Not a solitary leaf of the tree on the parent stem!

The Press.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

A million tongues are thine, and they are heard

Speaking of hope to nations, in the prime

Of Freedom's day, to hasten on the time

When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred

With higher aims than now—when man shall call

Each man his brother—each shall tell to each

His tale of love—and pure and holy speech

Be music for the soul's high festival!

Thy gentle notes are heard, like choral waves,

Reaching the moon, plain and quiet vale—

Thy thunder-tones are like the sweeping gale,

Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves;

And earth's remotest island hears the sound

That floats on ether wings the world around.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

GOOD OLD MARY.

BY MRS. FRY.

Distant something more than a mile from the village of Desford, in Leicestershire, at the lower extremity of a steep and rugged lane, was seen an obscure and melancholy hovel. The door stood not wide to invite observation; the cheerful fire gleamed not through the casement to excite attention from the passenger. The low roof and outer wall were but just perceived among the branches of the hedge-row, uncultivated and untrimmed, that ran between it and the road. As if there were nothing there that any one might seek; no way of access presented itself, and the step of curiosity that would persist in finding entrance, must pass over mud and briars to obtain it. Having reached the door with difficulty, a sight presented itself, such as the eye of delicacy is not used to look upon. It was not the gay contentedness of peasant life, that poets tell of, and prosperity sometimes stoops to envy. It was not the laborer resting from his toil, the ruddy child exulting in his hard, scant meal, the housewife singing blithely at her wheel, the repose of health and fearlessness; pictures that so often persuade us happiness has her dwelling in the cabins of the poor.

The room was dark and dirty; there was nothing on the walls but the bare beams, too ill joined to exclude the weather, with crevices she was hastening, and perfect contentedness in vain attempted to be stopped by torn and moulded paper. A few broken utensils hung about the room; a table and some broken chairs were all the furniture, except what seemed intended for a bed, yet promised little repose. The close and smoky atmosphere of the apartment, gave to it the last coloring of discomfort and disease. Within there sat a figure such as the pencil well might choose for the portrait of wretchedness. Quite gray, and very old, and scarcely clothed, a woman was seen sitting by the fire-place, seeming unconscious of all that passed around her. Her features were remarkably large, and in expression, harsh; her white hair turned back from the forehead, hung uncombed upon her shoulders; her withered arm, stretched without motion on her knee, in form and coloring seemed nothing that had lived; her eye was fixed on the wall before her; an expression of suffering, and a faint movement of the lip, alone gave token of existence.

Placed with her back toward the door, she perceived not the intrusion, and while I paused to listen and to gaze, I might have determined that here at least was a spot where happiness could not dwell; one being, at least, to whom enjoyment upon earth must be forbidden by external circumstance—with whom to live was of necessity to be wretched. Well might the Listener in such a scene as this, be startled by expressions of delight, strangely contrasted with the murmurs we are used to hear amid the world's abundance. But it was even so. From the pale, shrivelled lips of this poor woman, we heard a whispering expression of enjoyment, scarcely articulate, yet not so low but that we could distinguish the words—
"Delightful." "Happy."

As we advanced with the hesitation of disgust into the unsightly hovel, the old woman looked at us with kindness, but without emotion, bade us be seated, and, till questioned, showed very little inclination to speak. Being asked how she did, she at first replied, "Very ill," then hastily added, "My body is ill—but I am well, very well." And then she laid her head upon a cold, black stone, projecting from the wall beside the fire-place, as if unable to support it longer. We remarked that it was bad weather. "Yes," she answered—then hastily correcting herself—"No, not bad—it is God Almighty's weather, and cannot be bad." "Are you in pain?" we asked,—a question scarcely necessary, so plainly did her movements betray it. "Yes, always in pain; but not such pain as my Saviour suffered for me: his pain was far worse than mine; mine is nothing to it." Some remark being made on the wretchedness of her dwelling, her stern features almost relaxed into a smile, and she said she did not think it so; and wished us all as happy as herself.

As she showed little disposition to talk, and never made any remark till asked for it, and then in words as few and simple as might express her meaning, it was slowly and by repeated questions, that we could draw from her a simple tale. Being asked if that was all the bed she had, on which to sleep, she said she seldom slept, and it was now a long time since she had been able to undress herself; but it was on that straw she passed the night. We asked her if the night seemed not very long. "No, not long," she answered; "never long—I think of God all night, and, when the cock crows, am surprised that the morning has come so soon." "And the days—you sit here all day, in pain and unable to move—are the days not long?" "How can they be long? Is not He with me? Is it not all up—up?" an expression she frequently made use of to describe the joyful elevation of her mind. On saying she passed much time in prayer, she was asked for what she prayed. To this she always answered, "Oh! to go, you know—to go—when He pleases: not till He pleases." To express the facility she found in prayer, she once said, it seemed as if her prayers were all laid out ready for her in her bed. But time would fail us to repeat the words, brief as they were, in which this aged saint expressed her gratitude to the Saviour, who died for her; her enjoyment of the God who abode with her; her expectations of the heaven to which ill joined to exclude the weather, with crevices she was hastening, and perfect contentedness in vain attempted to be stopped by torn and moulded paper. A few broken utensils hung about the room; a table and some broken chairs were all the furniture, except what seemed intended for a bed, yet promised little repose. The close and smoky atmosphere of the apartment, gave to it the last coloring of discomfort and disease. Within there sat a figure such as the pencil well might choose for the portrait of wretchedness. Quite gray, and very old, and scarcely clothed, a woman was seen sitting by the fire-place, seeming unconscious of all that passed around her. Her features were remarkably large, and in expression, harsh; her white hair turned back from the forehead, hung uncombed upon her shoulders; her withered arm, stretched without motion on her knee, in form and coloring seemed nothing that had lived; her eye was fixed on the wall before her; an expression of suffering, and a faint movement of the lip, alone gave token of existence.

Her husband's name was Peg; her own Mary; she had been long remembered in the village, as living in extreme poverty, and going about to beg bacon at Christmas-time. Her youth had been passed in services of various kinds; and though she did not know her age, it appeared, from public events which she remembered to have passed when she was a girl, that she could not be less than eighty. Later in life, she had kept sheep upon the forest hills, and, in the simplicity of her heart, would speak of her days of prosperity, when she had two sheep of her own. She could not read, but from attending divine service, had become familiar with the language of Scripture. We know nothing of her previous character; that of her husband and family was very bad; but we are not informed that her's was so. The first earnest Religious feeling she related of herself, was felt when walking alone in the fields; she bethought herself of her hard fate,—a youth of toil, an old age of want and misery,—and if she must go to hell at last, how dreadful was her portion! Struck with the appalling thought, she knelt down beneath the hedge to pray—the first time, perhaps, that heartfelt and earnest prayer had gone up to Heaven from her lips.

Not very long after this, as we understood, the old woman was taken ill, and unable to move from the straw, at that time her only bed, in a loft over the apartment we have described; where, little sheltered by the broken roof, and less by the rags that scarcely covered her, she lay exposed to the inclemencies of

To find the interest of any given sum for one year &

Rule

Multiply the principal by the rate per cent and divide the product by 100 the quotient will be the answer

Examples

Examples

What is the interest of 39 lb 11 s 8 d for one year at 6 per cent per annum

$\begin{array}{r} \text{£} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \\ 39 - 11 - 8 \end{array}$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 39 - 11 = 28 \\
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 0/12 \text{ ans } 2 \text{ L } 1 \text{ s } - 6 \text{ d}
 \end{array}$$

What is the interest of £100 for a year at 5 per cent

$$\begin{array}{r}
 236 - 10 - 4 \\
 \hline
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 20 \\
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 1651 \\
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 520
 \end{array}$$

92 What is the interest of 571 £ 13 s 9 d for one year at 6 per cent

What is the Interest

	£	s	d
What is the Interest	571	13	9
	3430	2	6
	20		
	602		
	12		
	1014		

what is the interest of £ 1250 for a year at 6% per cent

15	15	9	0
20			
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12			
110			

without her. It dwelling passed by and lastly she beheld herself by she saw scribed use her walking they got On the m and some some turn ble to pr reached any thing When a say, but were ma who the and won and all expressio the rest because ceiving h seemed many we knew to for a lit to dwell

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without money to support, or friend to comfort her. It was in this situation that her mind, dwelling probably on the things that in health passed by her unregarded, received the strong and lasting impression of a vision, she thought she beheld, probably in a dream, though she herself believed that she was waking. In idea she saw the broad road and the narrow, as described in Scripture. In the broad road, to use her own expressions, there were many walking; it was smooth and pleasant, and they got on fast; but the end of it was dark. On the narrow road she herself was treading, and some few others; but the way was rugged; some turned back, and others sat down unable to proceed. She herself advanced, till she reached a place more beautiful, she said, than any thing to which she could compare it. When asked what it was like, she could say, but that it was very bright, and that there were many sitting there. Being questioned who these were, she said, "these celestial warriors," and women, but large and all dressed in expression,—and or the rest, whom she because of his receiving her. But they seemed to be left by many were singing. I knew to be the Savior for a little time, and to dwell with them.

Thus ended his expression. **WOODS** scene sh. Aughey, in his had been his experience and sufferings in the sours the following report of a sermon eye fronted by an unlettered preacher in thoughts

hastenining and sistern: I air a igno- been, wllered the plow all my life, and thing bed agin any college. As I said, sed with norant; and I thank God for be undoubt, il, fur yer very ignorant. Well, and pro high larnt fellers what preaches a earnest d Greek fur a thousand dollars a cence iny preaches for the money and got so vor of a i, that's all they git. They've got excited in they contradicts Scripiter, what plain- years, but that the sun rises and sets. They ings. So the seal. What ud come of the of poverty he wells of it did? Wode n't it all persons and leave em dry, and whard we be? them in to them as the serpent said unto Da- ill-treatch larning bath made these mad. I insulted in I preaches, I never takes a tex till came to r the pulpit; then I preaches a plain her hope what even women can understand. I remedatates, but what is given to me

For thame hour, that I sez. Now I'm a gwine her for in the Bible, and the first verse I sees swer,—gwine to take it for a tex (suittin the that they need reading and spelling together). When t, f-e-a-r-u-l-l-y—fearfully—and w-o-n-d-ream at u-l-l-y—wonderfully—m-a-d-e—mad- nify to tuncned mad). Well, it's a quar tex, but was the i's a gwine to preach from it, and I'm a so short to do it. In the fust place, I'll divide does it sarment into three heads. Fust and fore- at me, and I show you that a man will git mad; don't I k thirdly and lastly, when thar's lots of many ye's to vex and pester him, he'll git fearfully the paris wonderfully mad. And in the application variations show you that good men sometimes gits mad, herence the Possle David himself who wrote the tex the persu mad and called all men liars and cussed his blessed imies, wishen 'em to go down quick into in every boy Ham just like some drunken masters And he ew cusses his niggers. But Noah and David calm, arpented, and all on us what gits mad must promise. t or the devil 'll git us."

To what I h to add, having the protracted life. But my purpose I have witnessed only to what I saw, and repeated only what my ear has listened to: And I have repeated it, but to prove that the happiness which all men seek, and most complain they find not, has sometimes an abode where we should least expect to find it. This is an extreme case; extreme in mental enjoyment, as in external misery. But it is true. And if it be so, that a being debarred the most common comforts of life, almost of the light and air of heaven, suffering, and incapable even to

clothe herself, or cleanse her unsightly dwelling, could yet pass years of so much happiness, that her warmest expression of gratitude to her benefactors was to wish them a portion as happy as her own; what are we to say to those, who, amid the overflow of earthly good, make the wide world resound with their complainings? How are we to understand it, that while blessings are showered around us as the summer rain, there is so little real happiness on earth? Because we seek it not aright; we seek it where it is not, in outward circumstance and external good, and neglect to seek it, where alone it dwells, in the close chambers of the bosom. We would have a happiness in time, independent of eternity; we would have it independent of the Being whose it is to give; and so we go forth, each one as best we may, to seek out the rich possession for our- selves, and think they are succeeding.

A SERMON Preached by Chaplain Horace James, at New- bern, February 22d.

The Captain of their Salvation.—Heb. ii. 10.
These words are full of meaning. And we were never, personally, in so favorable a situation for comprehending them, as since our connexion with the army. They present to our minds a great ex- tacy, an awful peril, vast interests endangered, and ready to be sacrificed forever, but upheld and rescued by the heroism and prowess of a leader.

The salvation of a race of intelligent beings who had become disloyal, who were sunk in rebellion, degraded, enslaved, ruined, lost, required distin- guished leadership.

When days are dark and doubtful, and a nation is in distress and perplexity, oh how the public heart sighs for a leader! Some one competent to grasp all the elements of the struggle, and com- bine them wisely and well; a man able to gather up the loose ends of administrative detail, and weave them skillfully into a cable strong enough to hold the ship of State in the wildest storm. Send us a Captain of our salvation!" one that we securely fasten our hopes upon; one that we prize victory, and avenge an almost murdered man; one that shall add to lofty military genius, a generous nature, and an unswerving patriotism; a honest, incorruptible, self-forgetting, great commander like him who began his earthly career a hundred and thirty-one years ago, this 22d. of February, God's gracious gift to these Amer- ices, the saviour of his country, **GEORGE WASHINGTON**.

peak of a greater than he. The sacra- ble spread in your presence, suggests the One, whom all the angels of God do wor- whom all saints in heaven and earth are to partake of his feast to-day. And do so with a joyous heart, let us med- itate upon this official title of our note of its peculiar significance.

let it be first observed, that the Cap- tain of our salvation is fully equal to the work which he is to do. Great distress from a con- flict of my abilities and military experi- equal to the extensive and impor- he added: "I beg it may be re- with the utmost sincerity, I do not feel myself equal to the command I am hon- estly accepting, and at this trying no doubtful experi- ed all power. He, the beginning with God, e qualities which go to a glorious leader, are combinations of his be outgeneralled in l. His courage is unconquerable, his untiring. In hu- ness, he is pa- the reverses and dis- upon the cause, the voice may be heard exclaiming to his fol- In the world ye shall have tribulation. ing his mail-clad host, through which he is lead- the last man, and from the front, he is lead- and a load of sin and sorrow daily have access to these substances.

Salad.—If you wish to prevent the salad from shooting, make a few incisions into the young root of the salad, and it will remain stationary as long as you wish.

Potatoes.—As soon as the young watery potatoes are dug out, put them in warm sand, and keep them for three days; they will then have a mealy appearance.

For Founder.—The seed of the sunflower is the best remedy known for the cure of founder in horses. As soon as you find your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the seed in his feed, and it will give a cure.

Peas.—The best way to plant peas, is to put six in each hill of potatoes. In this way you save bushing, and get two crops from the same ground.

Tomato Catsup.—Cut tomatoes in slices, and on every layer sprinkle a little salt; let them stand a few hours; then add a little horse-radish, garlic, pepper and mace; boil well and strain; then bottle, cork and seal for use.

A Hint.—Ground Plaster, (Gypsum,) scattered in damp cellars, drains and wet places around your out buildings and premises, will purify and clean the same from stench and baneful influences. It is plenty; try it land- all who like cleanliness and health.

their practice? He, too, is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Are they sometimes shelterless and exposed, snatch- ing but a gleam of comfort from some struggling camp-fire, under the pitiless rain and sleet of a dis- mal bivouac? Their leader is with them in cold and nakedness. His head is filled with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. Are they hungry and athirst? He fasted forty days in the wilderness; He leaned, faint and famished, on Jacob's well. Are they weary and footsore upon the tedious march? He walked from village to vil- lage, through the whole land from Beersheba to Dan, never, but on a single occasion, indulging in a ride, and then upon a borrowed colt, the foal of an ass. Are they placed on guard, and deprived of their sleep? He was accustomed to rise a great while before day, and spend whole nights in watch- ing and prayer. Are their toils severe, and their burdens heavy? See him staggering under the weight of the cross? Is their pillow hard? His was thorns. In their desolate bereaved life, do they sometimes shed tears? Jesus wept. Are they wounded? Behold his pierced side, his lacerated hands and feet. Do they fall before the fatal bul- let? He tasted death for every man. Aye, herein is the mystery and marvel of this great salvation, that He who is the Prince of Life, should pass through the portals of death; that he should obey who deserved to reign; and that as the Captain of our salvation, he should by sufferings be made perfect.

We here obtain a glimpse of the magnificence of this salvation. It was purchased with great sacri- fices, it delivers from great dangers, it expiates great offenses, it brings a great reward. To be suc- cessful in this warfare, our Captain must conquer sin and death, and overcome that accursed fiend who has the power of death, even the Devil. He must do this upon the enemy's own ground, and therefore he must die, and so by death cometh life. Through sacrifice and suffering come joy, peace, forgiveness, and immortal honor. If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

Notice, once more, that the Captain of our salva- tion, as a long one, but it will sweep away every vestige of the rebellion which caused it. The patience of the saints will exceed the perseverance of the sinners. The last rebel will lay down his arms in submission, or expiate his crimes upon the scaffold. No false and hollow peace will be patched up by sewing together the fig leaves of a paltry expedi- ency to cover the disgusting nakedness and dam- ing guilt of apostasy from the supreme government of God. There is no peace to the wicked, to the misguided plotters of treason, the misleading and holy ambition. Clouds are these without water, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, plucked up by the roots; shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. But when this good work is done, and righteous- ness has exterminated wrong, how precious will be the results over which earth shall rejoice and heaven be glad! Peace will stretch her wings from shore to shore. Every prison door will be opened. Every yoke will be proclaimed to the captives. De- liverance will be proclaimed to the oppressed. Sin will be broken, and the oppressed will go free. In his dark damp dungeon, Satan will be cast into the lake of fire. And death and hell be- Lord shall have no more dominion.

W SICKNESS.
is given to cows in doses of once a day, it will materially te, and will prevent or speedily the disease called "cake in the it freely to any animal of mine; and find it of great service to; troubled with heat. I have one ox that would eat greedily a peck at a time. Few animals refuse it, and if they do, it may be cut up and mixed with potatoes or meal. **Cultivator.**

The man who lost his eye-sight by reading borrowed paper, has recovered it since he became a subscriber.

I find the interest of any given sum for one year

A BACKWOODS SERMON.

The Rev. J. H. Aughey, in his "Iron Furnace"—a narrative of his experience and sufferings in rebellion—gives the following report of a sermon which was delivered by an unlettered preacher in Mississippi:

"My brethering and sistern: I air a ignorant man, follered the plow all my life, and never rubbed agin any college. As I said afore, I'm ignorant; and I thank God for it. (Brother Jones reponds: 'Parson, yer ort to be very thankful, fur yer very ignorant.') Well, I'm agin all high larnt fellers what preaches grammar and Greek fur a thousand dollars a year. They preaches fur the money and they gits it, and that's all they git. They've got so high-larnt they contradicts Scripter, what plainly tells us that the sun rises and sets. They says it don't, but that the yearth whirls round like clay to the seal. What ud come of the water in the wells ef it did? Woden't it all spill out and leave em dry, and whar'd we be? I may say to them as the serpent said unto David, 'Much larning hath made thee mad.'"

"When I preaches, I never takes a tex till I git inter the pulpit; then I preaches a plain sarment what even women can understand. I never premedertates, but what is given to me in that same hour, that I sez. Now I'm a gwine ter open the Bible, and the first verse I sees I'm a gwine to take it for a tex (suited the action to the word, he opened the Bible and commenced reading and spelling together), Man is f-e-a-r-f-u-l-l-y—fearfully—and w-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l-l-y—wonderfully—m-a-d-e—mad—(pronounced mad). Well, it's a quar tex, but I said I's a gwine to preach from it, and I'm a gwine to do it. In the fust place, I'll divide my sarment into three heads. Fust and foremost, I show you that a man will git mad; second, that sometimes he'll git fearfully mad; and thirdly and lastly, when thar's lots of things to vex and pester him, he'll git fearfully and wonderfully mad. And in the application I'll show you that good men sometimes gits mad, for the Possle David hisself who wrote the tex was mad and called all men liars and cussed hisemies, wishen 'em to go down quick into hell; and Noah, he got tite, and cussed his nigger boy Ham just like some drunken masters now cusses his niggers. But Noah and David repented, and all on us what gits mad must repent or the devil 'll git us."

without money to support, or friend to comfort her. It was in this situation that her mind, dwelling probably on the things that in health passed by her unregarded, received the strong and lasting impression of a vision, she thought she beheld, probably in a dream, though she herself believed that she was waking. In idea she saw the broad road and the narrow, as described in Scripture. In the broad road, to use her own expressions, there were many walking; it was smooth and pleasant, and they got on fast; but the end of it was dark. On the narrow road she herself was treading, and some few others; but the way was rugged; some turned back, and others sat down unable to proceed. She herself advanced, till she reached a place more beautiful, she said, than any thing to which she could compare it—When asked what it was like, she could not say, but that it was very bright, and that there were many sitting there. Being questioned who these were, she said they were like men and women, but larger and far more beautiful, and all dressed in glitterings—such was her expression,—and one was more beautiful than the rest, whom she knew to be the Saviour, because of his readiness and kindness in receiving her. But the most pleasing impression seemed to be left by the hallelujahs this company were singing. She was told by Him she knew to be the Saviour, that she must go back for a little time, and then should come again to dwell with them forever.

Thus ended her vision, but not so the impression it made. The recollection of the scene she had witnessed, and of the bliss that had been promised her, seemed to lead her to the source of all her happiness. Turning her eye from earth to heaven, and fixing all her thoughts to that eternity to which she was hastening, it left her, not what she before had been, wretched on earth, and unmindful of any thing beyond; but with a heart deeply impressed with the love and mercy of God; fully and undoubtingly relying on her Saviour's promise, and proving the reality of those feelings by earnest devotion, and most cheerful acquiescence in her Maker's will. It was not the fervor of a first impression—the enthusiasm of an excited imagination. She survived six or seven years, but time made no change in her feelings. She passed those years in the extreme of poverty, dependent on the alms of some few persons who knew and visited her; she passed them in pain and helplessness; mocked and ill-treated by her husband and her sons, and insulted often by her unfeeling neighbors, who came to laugh at her devotion, and ridicule her hopes.

For these, as well as for some who visited her for kinder purposes, she had but one answer,—she wished them all like her; prayed that they might only be as happy as herself.—When told what she had seen was a mere dream and a delusion, she said it did not signify to tell her that—she had seen it, and it was the recollection of it that made her nights so short and her days so happy. “And what does it signify,” she added, “that they swear at me, and tell me I am a foolish old woman; don't I know how happy I am?” During the many years that she survived, the minister of the parish saw her constantly, and found little variation in her feelings, none in her firm adherence to the tale she at first had told, and the persuasion that what she had seen, was a blessed reality, sufficient to make her happy in every extreme of earthly wretchedness.—And he saw her die as she had lived, in holy, calm, and confident reliance on her Saviour's promise.

To what I have written, I could find much to add, having notes of all that passed during the protracted years of this devoted woman's life. But my purpose is not to make a story. I have witnessed only to what I saw, and repeated only what my ear has listened to. And I have repeated it, but to prove that the happiness which all men seek, and most complain they find not, has sometimes an abode where we should least expect to find it. This is an extreme case; extreme in mental enjoyment, as in external misery. But it is true. And if it be so, that a being debarred the most common comforts of life, almost of the light and air of heaven, suffering, and incapable even to

clothe herself, or cleanse her unsightly dwelling, could yet pass years of so much happiness, that her warmest expression of gratitude to her benefactors was to wish them a portion as happy as her own; what are we to say to those, who, amid the overflow of earthly good, make the wide world resound with their complainings? How are we to understand it, that, while blessings are showered around us as the summer rain, there is so little real happiness on earth? Because we seek it not aright: we seek it where it is not, in outward circumstance and external good, and neglect to seek it, where alone it dwells, in the close chambers of the bosom. We would have a happiness in time, independent of eternity; we would have it independent of the Being whose it is to give; and so we go forth, each one as best we may, to seek out the rich possession for ourselves. Those who think they are succeeding, will not listen to our tale. But if there be any who, having made a trial of the world, are disposed to disbelieve the existence of what they seek: if there be any among the young, who start at the report, and shrink from the aspect of their already-clouded prospects, we would have them hear a brighter tale. There is happiness upon earth. There is happiness for the poor and for the rich; for the most prosperous and the most desolate. There is happiness, but we will not seek it where alone it can be found.—*Listener.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

“There is but a very minute portion of the creation that we can turn into clothes and food, and gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty.”—*DR. CHANNING.*

The Beautiful! the Beautiful!

Where do we find it not?

It is an all-pervading grace,
And lighteth every spot.

It sparkles on the ocean wave,
It glitters in the dew,
We see it in the glorious sky,
And in the flowret's hue.

On mountain-top, in valley deep
We find its presence there—
The Beautiful! the Beautiful!
It liveth every where.

The glories of the noon-tide day,
The still and solemn night,
The changing seasons, all, can bring
Their tribute of delight.

There's beauty in the child's first smile,
And in that look of faith—
The Christian's last on earth, before
His eye is closed in death.

And in the beings that we love,
Who have our tenderest care—
The Beautiful! the Beautiful!
'Tis sweet to trace it there.

'Twas in the glance that God threw o'er
The young created earth,
When he proclaimed it “very good,”
The Beautiful had birth:

Then who shall say this world is dull,
And all to sadness given,
While yet there glows on every side,
The smile that came from Heaven?

If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our earthly home,
How Beautiful! how Beautiful!
Will be the WORLD TO COME.

Poultry Houses.—If you wish your hens to lay in the winter, have their houses cleaned out thoroughly. Empty the nests of all filth, have them scraped inside and out, and whitewashed. Place contiguous to your hen house under the roof, a peck or two of lime, a bushel of gravel, and a load of sand or ashes, so that they can daily have access to these substances.

Salad.—If you wish to prevent the salad from shooting, make a few incisions into the young root of the salad, and it will remain stationary as long as you wish.

Potatoes.—As soon as the young watery potatoes are dug out, put them in warm sand, and keep them for three days; they will then have a mealy appearance.

For Founder.—The seed of the sunflower is the best remedy known for the cure of founder in horses. As soon as you find your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the seed in his feed, and it will give a cure.

Peas.—The best way to plant peas, is to put six in each hill of potatoes. In this way you save bushing, and get two crops from the same ground.

Tomato Catsup.—Cut tomatoes in slices, and on every layer sprinkle a little salt; let them stand a few hours; then add a little horse-radish, garlic, pepper and mace; boil well and strain; then bottle, cork and seal for use.

A Hint.—Ground Plaster, (Gypsum,) scattered in damp cellars, drains and wet places around your out buildings and premises, will purify and clean the same from stench and baneful influences. It is plenty; try it landlords, all who like cleanliness and health.

THE FARMER.

DAIRYING.

Experiments are being made with glass milk pans, in England. It is thought by some that they will be found very excellent articles.—The price, it is said, will not be high, and it is supposed that they have an advantage on account of the purity of the metal, and then no risk of any injurious action, which may injure the cream, or prevent the milk from rising.—Cheap China has been recommended and sometimes tried for milk pans. It is thought by some, that milk pans should be shallow. This subject was discussed at a late Agricultural meeting in England. One man stated that he believed it had been demonstrated that the same measure of milk poured into a vessel allowing it to stand two inches deep, would cast nearly twice as much cream as it would do, if its depth were eight inches. Now does the experience of dairy men in this country agree with this?

At the meeting above alluded to, Mr. Greaves stated that he had found in his own dairy, that a piece of saltpetre about the size of a hazelnut, dissolved in warm water, and mixed with every gallon of new milk as soon as it is strained, not only caused the milk to cast its cream better, but had the effect of removing from the butter every disagreeable flavor arising from the herbage of particular pastures, such small addition to the milk of so well known and simple saline substance, imparting to it a wholesome character, rather than otherwise, in a dietetic point of view.—*Cultivator.*

PLOW AND HOE OFTEN.

I fear our farmers and gardeners are not sufficiently aware of the fact that great benefit results from ploughing and harrowing often, when we have what is usually termed a drouth. I am of opinion that too little hoeing in dry and too much in wet weather, is practised. In a dry time, the ground should be often stirred, even if no weeds or grass are to be destroyed. The writer of this article a few years since, had a patch of potatoes planted the same day by the same hand; soil and seed being equal. During the dry season, it was necessary to pass and repass almost daily by the side of one row with a plow and cultivator, the hoe was applied to remove what dirt was thrown on the potatoes. When the potatoes were dug, the row yielded fifty per cent. more, which were larger and better. Since then I have been in the practice of applying the hoe freely in dry weather, with success.—*Mich. Farmer.*

COW SICKNESS.

If horse radish is given to cows in doses of a pint at a time, once a day, it will materially aid their appetite, and will prevent or speedily relieve cows of the disease called “cake in the bag.” I feed it freely to any animal of mine that is unwell; and find it of great service to working-oxen, troubled with heat. I have one ox that would eat greedily a peck at a time.—Few animals refuse it, and if they do, it may be cut up and mixed with potatoes or meal.—*Cultivator.*

□ The man who lost his eye-sight by reading borrowed paper, has recovered it since he became a subscriber.

A SERMON

Preached by Chaplain Horace James, at Newbern, February 22d.

The Captain of their Salvation.—Heb. ii: 10.

These words are full of meaning. And we were never, personally, in so favorable a situation for comprehending them, as since our connexion with the army. They present to our minds a great exigency, an awful peril, vast interests endangered, and ready to be sacrificed forever, but upheld and rescued by the heroism and prowess of a leader.

The salvation of a race of intelligent beings who had become disloyal, who were sunk in rebellion, degraded, enslaved, ruined, lost, required distinguished leadership.

When days are dark and doubtful, and a nation is in distress and perplexity, oh how the public heart sighs for a leader! Some one competent to grasp all the elements of the struggle, and combine them wisely and well; a man able to gather up the loose ends of administrative detail, and weave them skillfully into a cable strong enough to hold the ship of State in the wildest storm. Aye, methinks it is the people's prayer to-day, "Send us a Captain of our salvation;" one that we may securely fasten our hopes upon; one that can organize victory, and avenge an almost murdered nation; one that shall add to lofty military genius, a generous nature, and an unswerving patriotism; a man honest, incorruptible, self-forgetting, great. A commander like him who began his earthly career one hundred and thirty-one years ago, this 22d day of February, God's gracious gift to these American states, the saviour of his country, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

But I speak of a greater than he. The sacramental table spread in your presence, suggests the name of *One*, whom all the angels of God do worship, and whom all saints in heaven and earth adore. We are to partake of his feast to-day. And that we may do so with a joyous heart, let us meditate a few moments upon this official title of our Lord, and take note of its peculiar significance.

In doing so, let it be first observed, that the Captain of our salvation is fully equal to the work which he has undertaken. When Washington accepted the command of the patriot army, he remarked

"I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust." And he added: "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." His modesty is beautiful, and at this distance, sublime. But, in accepting Christ as our spiritual leader, we are trying no doubtful experiment. His appointment was from heaven, and from eternity; he possessed all power. He, the manifested Word, was in the beginning with God, and was God. And all the qualities which go to complete the description of a glorious leader, are his. He knows all possible combinations of his enemy's forces, is thoroughly acquainted with the wiles of the devil, and cannot be outgeneralled in all the infernal strategy of hell. His courage is undaunted, his perseverance unconquerable, his zeal ever glowing, his activity untiring. In hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, he is patient, cheerful, steady. In all the reverses and discouragements that come upon the cause, the voice of our Captain may be heard exclaiming to his followers, "In the world ye shall have tribulation. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." It is a long, long campaign, through which he is leading his mail-clad host. It extends from Adam to the last man, and from the cradle to the grave. There is no discharge in that war. Yet he is never discouraged, and never weary. Though his Adjutant, *Moses*, may break, in a fit of anger, the tablets on which are inscribed his "special orders," his favorite General, *David*, be guilty of offenses unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman, his Chaplain, *Jeremiah*, shed rivers of grief-moving tears, his Chief of Staff, *Peter*, deny that he ever knew him, and his Quartermaster, *Judas*, betray him with a kiss, yet is he the upright, self-poised, clear-sighted, resolute, calm, and glorious leader, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. His steadfast example is so inspiring and contagious, that all who wait on him do renew their strength. They mount up with wings as eagles, they run and are not weary, they walk and do not faint.

Consider, secondly, that the Captain of our salvation acts in perfect accord with the government that called him into the service. Entire unity of feeling, counsel, and plan, pervades them. No suspicion of disloyalty rests upon any of God's. And when he declares, to do thy will, O God. And when he entered upon his three years of public service, the government vouchsafed to him a special token of confidence in a voice from the opened heavens, saying, "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." For himself, he conformed to Army Regulations, as they were written in the Book, and enjoined the same upon others to the last jot and tittle. Unlike some in places of power, he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. The one all-animating purpose, which inspires the zeal of our great Captain, and wholly employs his superhuman energies, is to magnify and make honorable the government he represents, and for which he went forth to fight, bleed, and die. Though his heart is full of tenderness, as a soldier's ought to be, and he would delight to proclaim a truce to the penitent and submissive, yet he bears in his hands, for rebels, nothing but the pains and penalties of treason, the awful thunders of retribution. No terms will he ever propose, but unconditional submission. The great moral government of God must be maintained intact and strong, against all attempts at secession, or dismemberment. Yea, it is the purpose of our great leader to pursue this matter to the bitter end, and wage an unrelenting war, until the essential and unmitigated wickedness of rebellion shall appear to all men, and its defiant, malicious, and cruel spirit shall be driven down to the dark dungeons of death.

The sublime majesty of government, shining as the glory of God, is represented in the person of our great Captain, and under his command the sacramental host will rejoice in successes until the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord, and he shall reign forever and ever.

Notice, thirdly; that the Captain of our salvation is favored with prompt and powerful coöperation in the service assigned him. It sometimes happens, most unfortunately for the common cause, that the plans of one military leader are hindered by another; and those who are sworn to uphold the same government, with all their might, become envious of one another, and expend in mutual jealousy and strife the energies that should be concentrated on the common foe. It is not so with the Captain of our salvation. All the forces of heaven are in kindly league with him. He once declared that he was able to obtain at any time, upon his simple requisition, reinforcements to the amount of twelve legions of angels. We know that multitudes of these celestial warriors heralded his earthly birth. They conversed with him on the mount of his transfiguration, they supplied to him refreshment after his long desert fast, they helped him endure his agony under the clustered olive trees of Gethsemane, they stood in shining uniform as sentinels at his tomb. They are now his swift moving couriers to all parts of his vast army, it being their sublime and blessed mission to proffer their loving ministrations to all the soldiers of the cross.

Another and still more powerful assistant has our divine Leader in the Holy Spirit, who, as his co-equal pioneer, opens the way for his triumphant progress. And whether he persuades with his eloquent lips, or smites with his two edged sword, his invincible power is alike manifest. He subdues the wicked will, and melts the stony heart. And so fond is our great Captain of association with him, that he never enters, by the eye or the ear, into the citadel of a human soul, until the Holy Spirit has preceded him with mutual awakening and conviction. They act in sweet accord. The weapons they wield are of ethereal temper and keenness, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and the marrow, and are able to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. And every attack which they make upon the enemy, being wisely planned, and vigorously executed, in spirited coöperation of varied but combined agencies, tells upon the result, distinctly helps the cause, and hastens the final triumph. Thus without disaster, retreat, loss, or even temporary check, the Prince of Salvation is marching along.

Observe in the fourth place that the Captain of our salvation shares every danger with those who are under his command. If there be such a thing in warfare as officers hiding themselves from the perils to which privates are freely exposed, it never was true of Him. On the contrary, he has often stood out before his command, and breasted, alone, the awful shock of battle. He is tender of his followers, and gentle with them even as a nurse with her children, and is, indeed, their father and commander at once. In all their afflictions he is afflicted. Are any of them called to meet contempt and obloquy in the world, being hated both for their principles and

their practice? He, too, is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Are they sometimes shelterless and exposed, snatching but a gleam of comfort from some struggling camp-fire, under the pitiless rain and sleet of a dismal bivouac? Their leader is with them in cold and nakedness. His head is filled with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. Are they hungry and athirst? He fasted forty days in the wilderness; He leaned, faint and famished, on Jacob's well. Are they weary and footsore upon the tedious march? He walked from village to village, through the whole land from Beersheba to Dan, never, but on a single occasion, indulging in a ride, and then upon a borrowed colt, the foal of an ass. Are they placed on guard, and deprived of their sleep? He was accustomed to rise a great while before day, and spend whole nights in watching and prayer. Are their toils severe, and their burdens heavy? See him staggering under the weight of the cross? Is their pillow hard? His was thorns. In their desolate bereaved life, do they sometimes shed tears? Jesus wept. Are they wounded? Behold his pierced side, his lacerated hands and feet. Do they fall before the fatal bullet? He tasted death for every man. Aye, herein is the mystery and marvel of this great salvation, that He who is the Prince of Life, should pass through the portals of death; that he should obey who deserved to reign; and that as the Captain of our salvation, he should by sufferings be made perfect.

We here obtain a glimpse of the magnificence of this salvation. It was purchased with great sacrifices, it delivers from great dangers, it expiates great offenses, it brings a great reward. To be successful in this warfare, our Captain must conquer sin and death, and overcome that accursed fiend who has the power of death, even the Devil. He must do this upon the enemy's own ground, and therefore he must die, and so by death cometh life. Through sacrifice and suffering come joy, peace, forgiveness, and immortal honor. If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

Notice, once more, that the Captain of our salvation will conquer every foe, and crown the struggle with success, be a long one, but it will sweep away every vestige of the rebellion which caused it. The patience of the saints will exceed the perseverance of the sinners. The last rebel will lay down his arms in submission, or expiate his crimes upon the scaffold. No false and hollow peace will be patched up by sewing together the fig leaves of a paltry expediency to cover the disgusting nakedness and damning guilt of apostasy from the supreme government of God. There is no peace to the wicked, to the malicious plotters of treason, the misleading and misguided victims of passion, selfishness, and unholiness. Clouds are these without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever.

But when this good work is done, and righteousness has exterminated wrong, how precious will be the results over which earth shall rejoice and heaven be glad! Peace will stretch her wings from shore to shore. Every prison door will be opened. Deliverance will be proclaimed to the captives. Every yoke will be broken, and the oppressed will go free. Sin will be destroyed. Satan will be bound in his dark damp dungeon, and death and hell be cast into the lake of fire. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs; everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

O the glory and blessedness of this salvation; worth, richly worth all it has cost, though it include a noble army of martyrs, kings, prophets, and apostles, slain as witnesses for the truth, ten thousand times ten thousand faithful souls, less known on earth, whose record is on high, and the agony and blood of our great Leader, whose name thrills o'er all the harp-strings of heaven, and who is the Son of God!

My hearer, is this the Captain whom you personally follow? Have you enlisted under his banner? Are you for the "union" of peace with righteousness, and prosperity with truth? Are you boldly endeavoring to uphold the pillars of universal order? Do you hate rebellion with an unmingled hatred? Do you love eternal truth, as being the joy of earth, the harmony of heaven, the voice of God?

Approach, then, reverently and gratefully, these precious symbols. And, as you touch them with ~~and repeat your oath of allegiance to the government of Jehovah, being inscribed with his new name, sealed with his number, and enrolled in the book of life.~~

Another Method

write down the given principal in cents which multiply by the rate and divide by 100 as before and you will have the interest for a year in cents and decimals of a cent as follows

what is the interest of \$1353.50 for a year at 6 percent

Principle 1353.50

Ans 441.90 cts = 441 8/10 cts or 44 1/2 d 2 mills

Required the interest of \$851.45 for a year at 4 percent

Ans 598.15 cents = 59 8/10 cts 14 mills

Case II

to find the simple interest of any sum of money for any number of years and parts of a year

General Rule

1st find the interest of the given sum for one year 2^d multiply the interest of one year by the given number of years and the product will be the answer for that time

3^d if there be parts of a year as months and days work for the months by the aliquot parts of a year and for the days by the rule of three direct or by allowing 30 days to the month and taking aliquot parts of the same

Examples

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that once be
tired. On I
till complete
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chapters—and
them. So

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ever lived, l
saw. And
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who was too
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SELECTED TALES.

From the White Mountain Torrent.

LAZY BILL SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

I always write stories in a hurry. The truth is, I do not begin till I am driven to it; and I may add, that once begun, I might never end, but for getting tired. On I hurry, like a wild horse in the harness, till completely exhausted, I am forced to lay down the pen, and leave my hero, perhaps, to the Fates.

It shall not be so this time. I will write only five chapters—and these shall be short—at least one of them. So here it endeth.

CHAPTER II.

I don't say that Bill Smith was the laziest man that ever lived, but he was decidedly the laziest I ever saw. And I will venture to say, further, that his match could not be found in Pepperelbro. There was where he lived—there he lives now.

Well Bill was a toper—for that man never existed who was too lazy to drink. Of course he was not one of the real tear-down, drag-out sort; but then he drank hard, and was generally pretty boozy towards evening; for he was too lazy to get drunk very early in the day.

One evening, just about two years and three months ago, he was very drunk. The night was cold—the wind blew fiercely, and the light snow swept wildly over the ground, and added terror to the howlings of old Boreas. That night, Bill was full two miles from

his own miserable hovel, snugly esconded behind some old boxes and barrels, in one corner of a filthy rum shop. How he came there—so far from home—I do not know, but will guess, that he happened on board some farmer's wagon or sleigh, that passed his house, and was too lazy to get out till the vehicle topped at the little groggery.

"Bill, you must clear out," said the rum-seller.

Bill made no answer.

"I say, Bill, you must clear out—go home."

Bill began to snore—he was sleepy, and tired to boot; he always was.

"Hallo, Bill—I say, come, crawl out and go home 'tis most nine o'clock."

"Wait awhile," said Bill, "don't be in a hurry—re's nothing gained by hurrying."

But I must shut up, Bill, and go home. There's nothing doing here, and I can't afford the firewood."

Bill roused up a little—not much, but a little and winked. Perhaps he would have said something, but just then the door opened, and a stranger walked in. He had rode a long distance, and seeing a light in the "rummy," had called to inquire how far it was to a public house.

"Just two miles and a half," said old Boozle, the rum-seller; "and here's a chap that's going e'namost there—lives right on the road."

Bill roused up a little more; perhaps there was a chance to ride, and it would not do to lose it. After a little more ceremony, that may be imagined, and with a little assistance that Bill actually needed, the two got into the sleigh, and rode off.

"I s'pose I live here," said Bill, when the sleigh had got a few rods past his house. The stranger reigned up his nag, and Bill got out. He had begun to get sober, and would have thanked the gentlemen for his ride, but he was really too lazy, and so he jostled slowly back to his own door, raised the latch and went in.

CHAPTER III.

There was quite a stir in Pepperelbro the next day. A stranger had come to town, and it was pretty generally rumored that he was to deliver a temperance lecture that evening in the village school house. Here and there, little groups were gathered together, talking the matter over—for indeed it was something new to have a temperance lecture there; the oldest inhabitant couldn't remember the like of it. Bill's appetite, and an itching to ascertain who and what the stranger was, urged him as far as the tavern, where he arrived about noon. Of course he made one of the group there, who talked about the stranger, and his business; though precious little did he do towards making up the conversation.

"Are you goin' to jine the new Pledge, Bill?" asked an old covey, as he entered the bar-room.

Bill didn't know exactly what answer to make, and so, true to his nature, he made none at all.

"How is it, uncle Simon," continued the same voice, addressing another of the loungers, "are you goin' to jine the Thomsons to night?—they say it is all the go down the city."

"The Thomsons," said uncle Simon; "I don't know—they allow steamin' it, I suppose."

Old Simon was the wit of the town, and of course this sally produced a laugh.

"Not a devil of a bit," answered a square rigged, doubled-breasted fellow, who had stood in a corner of the room all the while. "I've seen 'em and heard 'em lectur too; but they don't hold to steamin' any way as I know; nor they aint Thomsons neither."

"What are they, Sam?" asked uncle Simon.

"They are Washingtonians," said Sam, "and they don't hold to drinkin' a drop of liquor."

"Afore folks," added Simon, with emphasis; and here was another laugh.

Bill heard all this, but took no part, even in the laugh, for he was too lazy. Towards night the company dispersed, the great portion of them to meet again at the school house. Bill got a chance to ride, and so he went to the school house too.

The lecturer was there, and in good time began his discourse. He dwelt long on the evil consequences of intemperance; and among other things, showed that it uniformly produced laziness—the worst kind of laziness—even a disregard to those duties, on the performance of which depends cleanliness, health and happiness.

Bill heard the whole, and winked. The other heard, and looked at Bill.

Presently the Pledge went round, beginning with uncle Simon, who was the oldest man and the biggest toper in the house.

"I'll sign if Bill Smith will," said Simon; "and I too," said the next—and the next—and—

"But who is Bill Smith?" asked the stranger.

"There he sits," answered one, pointing to a seat near the door; for Bill had not got far into the house, he was too lazy.

The Pledge was carried to him, and he was requested to sign it. "I can't," said Bill, "I'm tired."

"But you must," said the stranger; "here are three more waiting for you to sign."

"Don't you see I can't," answered Bill. "And besides, 'tisn't best to hurry; there's nothing got by hurrying. I'm tired."

"Sign, Bill," said uncle Simon; "Sign, Bill, and then make a speech."

The audience laughed—Bill looked sober; he was evidently thinking about something, and this required an effort. I suspect he was thinking of the lecture, and his own laziness. Presently he spoke.

"I s'pose I might sign it, and make a speech too," he said, "for though I'm a little lazy now-a-days,

seeing there's nothing to do, I used to be as smart as any fellow in Pepperelbro."

"So you was," said Simon; "now sign the Thomsonian Society, Bill, and make a speech."

"I guess, on the whole, I had better wait," said Bill; "perhaps some other time will do as well."

But the stranger insisted, for full half an hour, and strange to say, Bill finally signed the Pledge.

"And now make a speech," was the cry from every part of the house. Bill wouldn't make a speech that night, and the other toppers wouldn't sign the Pledge till the speech had been made.

"I'll come here next Tuesday night, and make good long speech," said Bill with more energy than he had displayed for months before; "if uncle Simon and the rest of you will come and hear me."

"Agreed! agreed!" was heard from all parts of the house. And then the audience dispersed.

CHAPTER IV.

'Tis strange to say what havoc intemperance will rose, walked up silently to the desk, took up the pen, make of intellect and ambition. When William and put his name to the Pledge. Now the people Smith was twenty-five years of age, he was considered the most industrious, intelligent and noble-hearted woman in that house, followed his example.

CHAPTER V.

Five or six months ago, I was passing through the little town of Pepperelbro, and recollecting some of the incidents related above, bethought me to ascertain whether Bill had kept his Pledge. I could not recollect his surname, and was obliged to inquire for "Lazy Bill," as of old. Nobody knew him, or could tell where he lived. Finally I called at a house, and interrogated the woman industriously for the whereabouts of "Lazy Bill;" but she knew nothing of him, and turned to go away. Just then an old gentleman passed the house.

"There's old uncle Simon Leighton," said the woman, "and he knows where your man lives, if any body does." I hurried into the street, and soon overtaking uncle Simon, put to him the question, "Where does Lazy Bill live?"

"Lazy Bill?" said he, "I suppose you mean William Smith, the carriage maker."

"That's his name," I replied, "though I did know he was a carriage maker."

Monday, and Tuesday, were similarly spent, when the temperance meeting came, on Tuesday evening, he brushed up his old coat, took his wife by the arm, and trudged silently to the old school house.

The audience had got there before him, for every one was anxious to hear what Lazy Bill could say on the subject of temperance. Old Simon had seated himself close to the desk, that he might have a better opportunity to play off his pranks, and exercise his powers of ridicule. But when Smith entered—looking so changed—so noble—so dignified, comparably; the old man crept away, abashed, and apparently astonished. "Can this be Lazy Bill?" he mentally asked; and the more he asked the question, the more he was puzzled to answer it. Pretty soon Smith commenced.

"Ten years ago I was respectable, industrious and happy. I came into this neighborhood, bought me a few acres of land, built me a small house, got married, and went to work. We used to have social parties in those times, and Sarah there, (pointing to his wife,) and I, used to attend them. Sarah learned to knit edging and tell stories, and I learned to drink wine. Very soon I began to find myself occasionally impatient for the time of the next party to arrive; and when it came, I was equally impatient to see the wine go round. Finally I drank to excess—even to intoxication—at one of these parties; and from that time, though for a while heartily ashamed of my conduct, I had less of self-respect, and more of the appetite for liquor. I began to visit the tavern, and the little rum-shop down there at the other village, and with others of like inclinations and appetites, I spent my time in lounging about these groggeries—sitting, now in the sun, now in the shade, but never engaged in any more active business, than whittling a pine stick or tipping a decanter of New-England Rum. I lost, by degrees, all my ambition—became lazy and indolent, and you called me Lazy Bill. At first my wife fretted and scolded at my changed conduct; but this only made it worse. Then she cried and entreated—but this had the same effect, produced trouble, and I drank more rum to drown it. Drunkards are sure to find trouble enough when rum has become its only antidote. I drank,—lost the little property I had accumulated,—broke the heart of my wife, and became finally, heedless of every thing. So I lived along till last Wednesday night. You know what we heard then, and I need not say that I was convinced rum had made me "Lazy Bill," and caused all my trouble. I signed the Pledge, and till now I have kept it inviolate; and God helping me, I'll never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live. Already I begin to feel the fires of ambition again in my breast, and to imagine myself a man. My wife there, is happier, and looks healthier; and my little boy smiles sweetly when I take him in my arms. In short, I am new man, with new feelings, and new hopes, and now I am going to lead a new life, regain, if possible, my character, and my property, and be happy. And I want my old companions to go with me. Some of you promised to sign the Pledge if I would, and nothing has befallen me to discourage that resolution. I hope you will come up here and redeem your promises."

There was a pause for some minutes. The audience seemed paralyzed with astonishment. Old Simon had been seen to brush away something that had apparently escaped from between his eye-lids, and all were looking to him for some movement that should break the spell of enchantment. Presently he

walked up silently to the desk, took up the pen, and put his name to the Pledge. Now the people followed his example.

Five or six months ago, I was passing through the little town of Pepperelbro, and recollecting some of the incidents related above, bethought me to ascertain whether Bill had kept his Pledge. I could not recollect his surname, and was obliged to inquire for "Lazy Bill," as of old. Nobody knew him, or could tell where he lived. Finally I called at a house, and interrogated the woman industriously for the whereabouts of "Lazy Bill;" but she knew nothing of him, and turned to go away. Just then an old gentleman passed the house.

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"Lazy Bill?" said he, "I suppose you mean William Smith, the carriage maker."

"That's his name," I replied, "though I did know he was a carriage maker."

Simple Interest

of 100 £ 10s 6d for 3 and a half years at 5 per cent ans 36 £ 13s and 6 pence

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of 150 £ 15s 8d for 4 years and 2 months at 6 per cent ans £ 41 9s 7d

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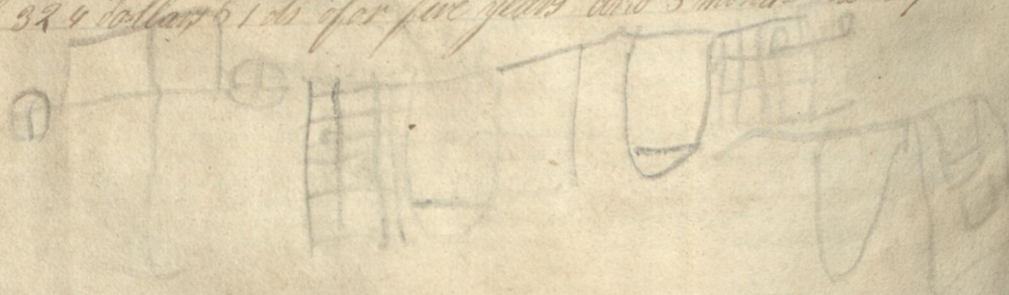
of one dollar for 12 years at 5 per cent ans 60 cents

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of 215 dollars 34cts for 4 and a half years at 3 and a half per cent

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"He lives on the old spot," said Simon, "just where he has lived for twelve years; but he don't look much like 'Lazy Bill' now, I can tell you."

I hurried on, and soon came to the place where, two years before, I had dropped the miserable being, called "Lazy Bill," whom I had taken from the grogery of the village below, to pilot me to a hotel. The old hovel had been torn down, and on its site stood a pretty white cottage, surrounded with a yard of flowers, just withering from the effects of an autumn frost. Beyond was a large building, which, from the sounds proceeding from it, I judged to be the workshop of William Smith, the carriage maker. Thither I bent my steps, and on inquiring for Mr. Smith, was pointed to a noble looking workman in the further end of the shop, whose manly bearing and healthy looking countenance were evidence enough that the Pledge had remained unbroken. On my approach, he recognized me, shook my hand heartily, and throwing off his apron, invited me into his house. We walked in together, and there I found one of the prettiest and happiest families I had ever set my eyes upon. The wife was all joy and contentment, the children all animation and beauty. The oldest boy was at work in the shop, but on learning that it was "the stranger" who had called, he came in and appeared overjoyed to see me. Our meeting there was indeed a glorious one; and never shall I forget the warm grasp of the hand that the father gave me, on taking my leave of him.

"Tell my old acquaintance at S——," said he, "that *Lazy Bill* is now one of the happiest fellows in Christendom; that his wife and children are as gay as larks and lively as crickets; that his industry and his prosperity have come back to him; and better than all that not one drop of liquor is bought, or sold, or drunk, in the little town of Pepperebro."

How CONSISTENT!—We are cognizant of an incident which took place recently in one of our churches, which certainly entitles the clergymen, stewards, leaders, and all hands, to a leather medal for their discernment and consistency. A most notorious rumseller, who probably thought that his standing would be elevated by connection with the church militant—and perhaps with an eye to getting a customer or two in a small way—or perhaps with a view to ease his guilty conscience a little, sought to unite himself with the church at the corner of—and—streets. After he had been upon probation for six months, his name was read in "society meeting," and the question asked "whether any had cause why he should not be admitted into full fellowship?" Some one hinted that perhaps the fact of his being a dealer in *ardent spirits*, might prevent them, according to the discipline, from admitting him within the pale of the church. It was decided to refer the subject to a committee, who were to ascertain whether or no the would-be "brother" was a trafficker in the "ardent." In due time the committee were prepared to report, which they did at a meeting of "the board." And what, think ye, was the result of the investigation? Why, that as far as they had been able to ascertain, it was true that the applicant for membership was a dealer in "Wine and Liquors"—but then he was in the *wholesale line*!—and they would therefore recommend him as one worthy of entering into the embrace of the church! Sapient—very! With one or two dissenting votes, he was admitted; and we have not the least doubt he is a *valuable* member,—that is, as far as contributing liberally to the support of the church goes!—Thank God, we know of a society, which no rumseller, *wholesale or retail*, can enter—and the church will yet have to adopt the same standard.—*Crystal Fount, N. Y.*

The following relates a dialogue between a drunkard and his wife;—it is in perfect accordance with the unreasonableness of drunkards in general:

"Leay, Molly, what have you got for dinner?"

"I told you, this morning, we had nothing in the house."

"Oh! well, let me take the baby, and you pick up something."

"So you told me, this morning; but there's nothing to pick up."

"O, pick up some bread and potatoes, Molly, pick up something."

"But, Mr. Lindsey, there's nothing in the house—nothing at all—not a mouthful of any thing that can be eaten."

"Well, well, Molly, I say, pick up a little somethin' or other, and let us have a dinner, for I am in hurry."



POETRY.

Selected.

WATER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How dreadful the water is!

Didst ever think of it,

When down it tumbles from the skies

As in a merry fit!

It jostles, ringing as it falls,

On all that's in its way—

I hear it dancing on the roof,

Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,

And gushing out below;

A happy thing the water is,

While sporting thus, I know,

The earth is dry and parched with heat,

And it hath long'd to be

Released from out the selfish cloud,

To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes rather rudely too,

The flowret's simple grace,

As if to chide the pretty thing,

For dust upon its face.

It scours the tree, till every leaf

Is freed from dust or stain,

Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd

And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop is tinkling down

To kiss the stirring brook,

The water dimples from beneath

With its own joyous look,

And then the kindred drops embrace,

And singing on they go,

To dance beneath the willow tree,

And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!

It loves to come at night,

To make you wonder in the morn

To see the earth so bright;

To find a youthful gloss is spread

On every shrub and tree,

And flowrets breathing on the air,

Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,

It loves the flowret's cup.

To nestle mid the odor there,

And fills its petals up—

It hangs its gems on every leaf,

Like diamonds in the sun;

And then the water wins the smile,

The flowret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!

To me 'tis wondrous fair—

No spot can ever lonely be,

If water sparkles there—

It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,

Of grandeur, or delight:

And every heart is gladder made,

When water greets the sight.

MORE TESTIMONY.

The following testimony is from Captain Wilkes to the Moral causes of the day. It will keep alive Exploring Expedition, when describing a trip from the interests of the Merchant, the Farmer, the Man-Wisqually, to the mouth of the Columbia. It is a manufacturer, the Mechanic, and the Sailor. The great valuable testimony to that which has been so often and prominent object, however, shall be to direct its adduced in favor of the abolition of the spirit rations front against every species of vice and immorality—in the army. He says:—"knowing how much time The drunkard may expect our sympathy. We shall is lost on boat expeditions by the use of grog, and the lift the voice of warning and reproof, and we shall accidents liable to occur when a strict watch cannot use every power we possess, to destroy the demon be kept over it, I decided not to send any spirits with that controls him. Against immorality of every spe-the party; but in order not to deprive any of thecies, we shall stand arrayed, and hope not for rest sailors of it, who might deem it essential, I had thefrom our toil, while the dark legionaries of hell are boat's crew called aft, and found that all were in the stalking with fearful strides over the fairest and love-habit of drawing their grog. I then offered any oneliest spot on earth.

who might wish to continue that part of their rations, Our enterprise is one which appeals to the heart the option of remainig in the ship, and having thei of every Christian, and Philanthropist. It is caleu-places in the boats supplied with others. There waslated to awaken the interest of every friend of hu-no hesitation on the part of any one of them; allmanity, and enlist them in the effort to ameliorate wished to go, and all were willing to give up thei and better the condition of our race. We trust that spirit rations. I take this occasion to say that theupon a point so plain, a duty so clear, an object so most laborious and exposed duty of the expedition, lefty, the appeal for a generous support, which a lib-was performed without the spirit rations. I am wellial, enlightened and prosperous public has the pow-satisfied that it may be dispensed without injury toor to bestow, will not be made in vain. We trust any one, and indeed, greatly to the benefit of the na-that our friends and all who desire the reform, wil-come up at once to our aid, and give us a ha-circulation

THE BIBLE IN RHODE ISLAND

Much interest, we learn, is manifested in behalf this noble enterprise. Generous subscriptions are being received from the members of different religious denominations. The Bible, the pioneer and sustainer of freedom and civilization, can be circulated in our midst, only as it is read and practised, to strengthen every good, and counteract every evil influence.—Despotism in Church and State alone, seeks to suppress its circulation! The spirit of civil and religious freedom sends it forth, bidding it reach, enlighten and bless every mind. New-England has felt its influences and knows the worth of the Bible.

The following interesting statistics are furnished us by the Agent of the Rhode Island State Bible Society, who is prosecuting a course of visitation to every family in each of our towns and counties:

Number of towns already visited,	25
do. destitute families,	1,175
do. Bibles given,	235
do. do. sold,	2,332
do. Testaments given,	254
do. do. sold,	3,611
do. large octavo Testaments,	806

The average of destitution, 1 in every 14 families.

RUM AND COLD WATER.

How many temperate men are there who used to be always ailing? They were ever full of pains, and aches, and infirmities. They used to drink rum to drive them away, but the more they drank, the more their troubles increased. They have, however, found in cold water, a sovereign balm for all their bodily afflictions—and men, who two years ago could scarcely walk without a stick in each hand to support them, are now enabled to step off without their aid, as lively as crickets. Who would 'nt sing the praises of water?

THE LADIES.

Females are most deeply interested in the success of the Temperance Reformation. As it advances, it dries up the fountain of woman's grief, and turns her tears of bitterness into tears of joy. Ladies, sign the temperance pledge, and thus cast your influence on the side of temperance. You can banish intoxicating drinks from the nursery, the side-board, the social circle, and the festive hall. Mothers, sisters, wives, we entreat you to throw your gentle influence around society, to hold it back from the cup of death.

TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

After much delay since issuing our "specimen number," we again launch our barque upon the waters, spread out our sails to the breeze, and nailing our pure white banner to the mast head, urge our onward way, and bid defiance to the enemies of humanity.

We fight for the mental disenfranchisement of creation's lord,—his release from the power of a tyrant more formidable than the Lernean Hydra, and the word we pass to our friends and the world is, victory or death! We return from the war victorious, or we return not at all; like the Spartan of old, we come with our shield in hand, or stretched upon it—We know no compromise with the foe. Having counted the cost, we enter name and fame, and all our earthly prospects in the grand—the glorious enterprise.

Single handed, the Reform we aim at, can never be accomplished. We therefore call upon all who desire its success, to rally round the flag we raise, and lend their aid in pushing forward the barque that supports it.

The Pledge is the only paper in the State devoted to the Moral causes of the day. It will keep alive Exploring Expedition, when describing a trip from the interests of the Merchant, the Farmer, the Man-Wisqually, to the mouth of the Columbia. It is a manufacturer, the Mechanic, and the Sailor. The great valuable testimony to that which has been so often and prominent object, however, shall be to direct its adduced in favor of the abolition of the spirit rations front against every species of vice and immorality—in the army. He says:—"knowing how much time The drunkard may expect our sympathy. We shall is lost on boat expeditions by the use of grog, and the lift the voice of warning and reproof, and we shall accidents liable to occur when a strict watch cannot use every power we possess, to destroy the demon be kept over it, I decided not to send any spirits with that controls him. Against immorality of every spe-the party; but in order not to deprive any of thecies, we shall stand arrayed, and hope not for rest sailors of it, who might deem it essential, I had thefrom our toil, while the dark legionaries of hell are boat's crew called aft, and found that all were in the stalking with fearful strides over the fairest and love-habit of drawing their grog. I then offered any oneliest spot on earth.

Simple Interest

what is the amount of 341 50 cts for 5 years and 3 quarters at 7 and a half per

cent per annum	\$	c
	341	50
	120	80
	2391	20
1/2	2562	00
	5	
	1281	000
1/4	1281	00
3/4	640	50
	44731	50
	341	50
	48991	5

what will 730 dollars amount to at 6 per cent in 5 years 2 months and 12 days

of a year	\$	c	m
730	365	4380	12
		12	
	4380		
	5		
	21900		
	2190		
	365		
	144		
	24589		
	73000		
	97599		

what is the interest of 1825 £ at 5 per cent per annum from march 4th

1796 to march 29th 1799 allowing the year to contain 365 Day and 280

	365	9125	25
1825		25	
5			
9125		45625	
3		18250	
27375		1228125	625
625		2190	
	912		
	734		
	182		
	1825		
		1796	25
		1796	4
			25

Commission

Bar allowance of so much per cent to a factor or correspondent abt for buying and selling goods for his employer

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Letter from John B. Gough.

MOUNT PLEASANT, ROXBURY, MASS. }
September 22d, 1845. }

Although very weak, and worn with intense suffering in body and mind, yet I will delay no longer doing that which I have ever intended as soon as practicable to do, viz: to give a plain statement of facts relative to the unhappy circumstances in which I have been placed within the past few weeks. I left home on Monday the 1st inst., in company with Dea. Grant, of Boston, and Mr. Cyrus E. Morse; spoke in Westborough in the evening; went the next day to Springfield, and on the 3d, attended a Convention at Blanford; spoke three times that day; spoke twice on the 4th, at Westfield; took leave of Dea. Grant and lady, and left in the morning for Springfield, in company with Mr. Morse,—he to go to Boston, and I to take the cars for New-York. I sent a letter to my wife by Mr. Morse, of which the following is an extract:

"I hope to meet you on Monday evening. If I did not feel that the duty of finally arranging matters for the winter, demanded my presence in New-York, I would come home with Cyrus; but I hope to spend a pleasant and profitable Sabbath in Brooklyn. I shall think of you," &c. &c.

My reason for going to New-York, was to make a rearrangement for part of my time, and what part, coming winter. I was to be in Montreal on the 1st inst. I agreed to meet my wife and a gentleman who was to accompany us to Montreal, at Albany, on Monday evening, Sept. 8th. I arrived at New-York at six or half-past six, on Friday, the 5th inst.; left my baggage with a porter on board the boat, to bring after me, and walked to the Croton Hotel. I took tea; my baggage arrived; I procured a room, went into it, arranged my dress, told them there that I was going to Brooklyn, and might not return that night. I have always been made welcome at my friends' in Brooklyn; and I knew that if they were not full, I should be invited to stay all night. About half-past seven or eight, I left the Croton, called at a store in Broadway and purchased a watch-guard. Went to the store of Messrs. Saxton & Miles; stayed there a few minutes. On coming out, I had not gone a dozen steps, before I was accosted by a man with "How do you do, Mr. Gough?" Said I, "You have the advantage of me; I am introduced to so many, that it is difficult for me sometimes to recognize them." Said he, "My name is Williams—Jonathan Williams. I used to work in the same shop with you in this city, good many years ago." I replied, "I did not remember it," or something to that effect. He then said, "you have got into a new business, the temperance business; do you find it a good business?"—O, yes," I told him, "I find it a very good business." Some other conversation ensued, during which we were walking slowly together, when he said, "I suppose you are so pious now, and have got to be so proud, that you would not drink a glass of soda with an old shopmate." "O, yes, I would drink a glass of soda with any body. I will drink a glass with you, if you will go in here." We were then opposite Thompson's. There were, I should think, ten or twelve persons round the fountain, when he said, "we shall never get served here. I know a place where we can get better soda than we can here."—We then crossed the street, and went down Chambers-street to Chatham-street, till we came to a small shop. Having no suspicion, I did not take particular notice of what kind of a shop it was. But I saw a confectionary, and a pasteboard sign, with "Best Soda" on it. There are two or three of these establishments in that vicinity, (owing to my weakness, I did not visit the place previous to my leaving New-York;) but I have no doubt that I can identify the shop among the others. This man called for soda, asked me "what syrup I used;" said "he used Raspberry." (I am pretty sure he said Raspberry.) I said, "I would take some of the same."

The syrup was poured out and the soda poured into it from the fountain. The fountain was of a dark color. This man took my glass, and handed it to me with his hand over the top of the glass. (I noticed his hand, because I thought it was not a very gentlemanly way of handing a glass.) However, I thought no more, but drank it. We then went into Chambers-street again, and up to Broadway together, when he left me. Some time after he left me, I felt a warm sensation about the lungs and chest, with unusual excitation, and for the first time, I began to suspect that it was not all right. This feeling increased, till I was completely bewildered, with a desire for some-thing. I knew not what. I do not know that I ever

felt so strangely in my life before. I do not know how long I walked, but must have walked some distance, as I have some recollection of seeing the new white church at the upper end of Broadway. During this time, I went into a grocery store, and got some brandy. I do not know where, nor whether I paid for it; but I recollect drinking. I became after a little while bewildered and stupid, and had wandered did not know where, when I saw a woman dressed in black. I either accosted her, or she accosted me; it is immaterial which, as I was in such a state that I should not have waited to think who it was. I do not remember what I said; but she told some gentlemen who went to make inquiries, that I asked her if she could give me a night's lodging, or tell me where I could procure one, as I was without friends, &c.—She took me into the house. How I got in, I do not know. There was a flight of stairs; but I have no recollection of going up those stairs. I remember nothing distinctly that passed during the whole time, till I was taken away, except that I drank; but what I drank, or how much, or how often, I know nothing.

I have some idea that a man came there while I was there, because I felt afraid of him. I have no recollection of going out at all, after I first went in on Friday evening, although it is said that I was seen on Saturday evening. I have no recollection either of going out or of coming in; and if I did it, I don't know how I did it. I have no recollection of eating at all; although the woman told that I did eat, and asked a blessing, and also that I prayed. I have no remembrance of this. I do not remember purchasing a shirt, although I had a strange shirt on me when I was taken away. The time that I spent in that place, seems to me like a horrible dream—a night-mare, a something that I cannot describe. I have so little recollection of what transpired, that when I came out, I could not tell for my life how long I had been there, and was astounded when I found that I had been there so long. When Mr. Camp came into the house, I remember that I felt as if relief had come, and I said to him, "O, take me away from this." I felt glad that some one had come. He asked me "How I came there?" I told him a man had put something in a glass of soda, which had crazed me. He asked me his name. I gave it to him, as he gave it to me; as near as I can recollect. Another man came in with Mr. Camp; then Mr. Hays came in and took me in a carriage to Mr. Hurlbut's house, where I received the kindest care and attention, during the most severe trial of bodily suffering and mental agony, I ever experienced in my life. During the whole of my sickness, I did not call for liquor, nor do I remember that I felt any desire or craving for it.

This is my statement; to the truth of which I am willing to stand through life, in the hour of death, and at the Judgment seat. In making this statement, I do it not to palliate or excuse myself, but to tell the truth. It would have been much easier for me, if I had gone voluntarily and deliberately, and drank, to have acknowledged it, and asked the forgiveness of the public, and thrown myself on their mercy. But the all-seeing God knows, and I know, that it was not so; and my position is a peculiar one, because I have no proof that my statement is correct. Many will doubt; some will believe; and I can say, that those who know me best, will believe me first.

It has been said by some, that I used opium. Now I declare that I never had a particle of opium in my mouth, in my life, to my knowledge. I never saw a piece but once, to know what it was; and that was at Norwich, at Mr. Breckenridge's store. He showed me a piece, because I wished to see it.

With regard to the man who asked me to take the soda,—he is a man, I should judge, about forty years of age, rather short, and I noticed, slightly pitted with the small pox. Having no suspicions, I took no more notice. With regard to the putting something in the glass, I am as confident that he did it, as if I had seen him; though what it was, I do not know.—The man who attended the fountain, I have not the slightest idea, knew any thing about it.

Who this Jonathan Williams is, I do not know. I do not remember ever working with him, and I told him so. I know not whether that is his right name. I have my suspicions that he came into the city the same night that I did, and left soon after the Friday that I was found; and that the whole thing was arranged before he accosted me. However it be, I feel that the whole matter will yet be made plain; that by some means or other, in the providence of God, the truth of my statement respecting this man, will be made as clear as sunlight. May God forgive him, for the wrong he has done me.

With regard to the house in which I was found, it

is said to be a house of ill-fame. I have understood that it was not; but be that as it may, had it been the most notorious house in the city, and I had seen one of its inmates, being in the state I was in when I met this woman, I should have gone with her. I had no intention of going to such a house. All I wanted was rest; and I have every reason to believe that I should have asked no questions, or made no objections to any place.

And now in view of the past, I can say with Job, "For the thing which I greatly feared, is come upon me, and that of which I was afraid, is come unto me." I have fallen, and keenly feeling this, I am willing to lie prostrate in the dust where this fall has put me.—I do not presume to say that I am not to blame. I

EVERY DAY LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE—

"The queen was awakened regularly at eight o'clock, at which hour her first lady of the bed-chamber entered the room, and came within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed, bringing in one hand a pincushion, and in the other the book containing patterns of all the queen's dresses, of which she had usually thirty-six for each season, besides muslin and other common dresses. The queen marked with pins the three she chose to wear in the course of that day. * * The book was then delivered to a footman, who carried it to the lady of the wardrobe. She took down from the shelves and drawers thread dresses and their trimmings: while another woman filled a basket with the linen, &c. which her majesty would want that day. Great wrappers of green taffety were thrown over these things, and footmen carried them to the queen's dressing room. Sometimes the queen took her breakfast in bed, and sometimes in her bath. Her linen dress was trimmed with the richest lace; her dressing gown was of white taffety; and the slippers in which she stepped to the bath were of white dimity, trimmed with lace. Two women were kept for the sole business of attending to the bath, which was usually rolled into the room upon castors. The bathing gown was of fine flannel, with collar and cuffs, and lining throughout of fine linen. The breakfast, of coffee or chocolate, was served on a tray which stood on the cover of the bath.

Meantime, one of the ladies warmed the bed with a silver warming pan, and the queen returning to it, sitting up in her white taffety dressing gown, and reading; or, if any one, who had permission to visit her at that hour wished to see her, she took up her embroidery. * * The great visiting hour, however, was noon, when the queen went into another room to have her hair dressed. * * The ladies who had been in waiting twenty-four hours, now went out, and gave place to others in full dress. The usher took his place before the folding doors; great chairs and stools were set in a circle for such visitors as had a right to sit down in the presence of royalty. Then entered the ladies of the royal family, the governess of the royal children, the secretaries of state, the captains of the guard, and, on Tuesdays, the foreign ambassadors. According to their rank, the queen either nodded to them as they entered, or bowed her head, or leaned with her arm upon the toilette table, as if about to rise. This last situation was only to the royal princess. She never actually rose, for her hair dresser was powdering her hair. It was considered presumptuous and dangerous to alter any customs of the court of France; but this queen thought fit to alter one, among others. It had always, before her time, been the etiquette for the lady of the highest rank, who appeared in readiness in the queen's chamber to slip her majesty's petticoats over her head in dressing; but when her majesty was pleased to have her head dressed so high that no petticoat would go over it, but must be slipped up from her feet, she used to step into her closet to be dressed by her favorite milliner and one of her women.

This change gave great offence to the ladies, who thought they had a right to the honor of dressing the queen. Her majesty came forth from her closet ready to go to mass in the chapel, on certain days; and by this time her chaperons were in waiting among her suite. The royal princesses and their trains stood waiting to follow the queen to the chapel; but, strangely enough, this was the hour appointed for signing deeds of gift on the part of the queen. These gifts were too often licenses for the exclusive sale of articles which should have been left free to sell. The secretary of the queen presented the pen to her majesty; and at these hours she signed away the good will of thousands of well disposed subjects."

Here is a true picture of the insults to which the royal family were soon after subjected:—"When they were in chapel, the passage, 'He bringeth down the mighty from their seat,' had to be sung; and when the choir came to it, they sang, or shouted it, three times as loud as any other part of the service. The king's adherents were so angry at this, that when the words came 'And may the Lord keep the King in safety,' the royalists shouted out three times, 'And the Queen.' This indecent contention went on during the whole of the service."

A CHINESE LOVE SONG.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Except a pound of tea;
My heart and gong are all the store
That I have got for thee.

A gong, whose thundering twang reveals
More noise than any bell;
And, better still, a heart that feels
Much more than gong can tell.

Interest

If a broker sells goods to the amount of 5000 £ what is his demand at 5% per

5000
 25000
 30000
 325000

what may a broker demand when he sells goods to the amount of 508 £
 100 and calls him 14 per cent ans £ 128 8d.

508 17 10
 14
 71 12 11
 508 17 10
 713 8 9
 20
 12 66
 12
 801

Insurance

Is a premium at so much percent allowed to persons and offices for making
 good the loss of ships houses of merchandise &c which may happen storms fire

Examples.

what is the insurance of 125 £ 3s 10d at 12 1/2 per cent

125 8 10
 12 1/2
 15 6 10
 362 14 5
 125 3 10
 20 1 3
 1361
 12
 135

Ans

1234
 567

what is the insurance of an east india ship and cargo valued 123425 £
 at 15 1/2 per cent

123425
 15 1/2
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 61712 5
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 19134 87 5

mans house estimated at 3500 dollars was insured against fire 1 1/2 per
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The wounded Father and Son.—At the siege of Chandernagore, Captain Speke, and his son, a youth of sixteen, were both wounded by the same shot. The history is related by Mr. Ives, surgeon, in Admiral Watson's ship; and follows in his own words, only a little abridged:—"The Captain, whose leg was hanging by the skin, said to the Admiral, 'Indeed, sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both father and son.' Mr. Watson's heart was too full for a reply; he ordered both to be carried down to the surgeon. The Captain, who was first brought down, told me how dangerously his Billy had been wounded. Presently after, the brave youth himself appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears, not for himself, but for his father. Upon my assurance, that his father's wound was not dangerous, he became calm; but refused to be touched till his father's wound should be first dressed. Then pointing to a fellow sufferer, 'Pray, sir, dress also that poor man who is groaning so sadly beside me.' I told him that the man had been taken care of, and begged that I might now have the liberty to examine his wound. He submitted, and calmly said, 'Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint.' I replied, 'My dear, I must.' He clasped his hands together, and lifting up his eyes to heaven offered up the following short, but earnest petition:—"Good God! do thou enable me to behave, in my present circumstances, worthy of my father." He then told me he was all submission. I performed the operation above the knee; and during the whole time, the intrepid youth never spoke a word or uttered a groan, that could be heard above the distance of a yard.

It is easier to imagine than to express the feelings of a father at this time. But whatever he felt, tears were the only expressions. Both of them were carried to Calcutta. The father was lodged in the house of his father-in-law, and the son was placed with me in the hospital. For the first week I gave comfort to both, carrying tidings of them to one another. But alas! all the good symptoms that attended the young man began to disappear. The captain perceived all in my countenance, being willing seldom to speak about his son. One time he said, "How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?" I replied, that if he survived the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be strong hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth he died; and on the sixteenth, the captain looking me steadfastly in the face, said, "Well Ives, how fares it with my boy?" Discovering the truth from my silence, he cried bitterly, squeezed my hand, and begged me to leave him for half an hour. When I returned, he appeared as he ever did, perfectly calm and serene. The excellent youth had been delirious the evening before his death; and at two in the morning, he sent me a note, written with a pencil, of which the following is a copy:—"Mr. Ives will consider a disorder a son must be in, when he is dying, and is yet in doubt about his father. If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honor this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me, he boy waits an answer." I immediately repaired to him, and he had still sense enough to know me. He then said, "And is he dead?" "Who, my dear?" "My father, sir." "No, my love, nor is he in danger; he is almost well." He had a look, and was in great pain, but I understood every word he uttered. He begged my pardon for having disturbed me at so early an hour, and before the day was ended he surrendered a life that deserved a better fate.

A German Wife.—"The most extraordinary suicide in the world's record," it is said, has lately occurred at Jena. It seems that a Doctor H—, whose name is suppressed from delicacy, (Custos of the Royal Library at Berlin, distinguished as a scholar, by his edition of Pacuvii Doulourestis"—as a poet, by his collection of Greek songs, and his "Bilder des Orients.") was taken ill with a singular species of Hypochondriasm, which plunged him into incurably low spirits, and baffled all the efforts of the Doctors. His wife, a lovely and accomplished young lady, of high connections at Leipzig, being informed that nothing but a real and lasting grief would cure his malady, by turning his thoughts into another channel, resolved to offer herself a sacrifice for her husband's health. She accordingly, one evening when the professor was absent, stabbed herself with a dagger to the heart. On forcing an entrance they found her dead. The unfortunate husband arrived at this moment. The following letter, written with a firm hand upon a sheet of common paper, lay upon the table:—

"More unhappy than thou hast been thou canst not be, my most beloved; happier thou mayst become with real misfortune. There is often a wonderful blessing in misfortune; you will surely find it so. We suffered together one sorrow; thou knowest how I suffered in silence, no reproach ever came from you—much, much hast thou loved me. It will be better for thee—much better. Why? I feel, but have no words to express what I feel. We shall meet hereafter free and unfettered. But thou wilt live out thy time upon earth. Fulfill, then, thy destiny, and act with energy. Salute all whom I loved, and who loved me in return, till in all eternity we meet. Thy "CHARLOTTE."

"Do not betray weakness—be firm, strong, and resolute."

Marvelous to say, the Doctor has recovered entirely since this tragic and awful sacrifice has been made for his happiness. The physicians declare, with truly German nonchalance, that, "no medicine could have worked with half such potency either on mind or body."

Roman Politeness.—Messala was united to Terentia, who had been first married to Cicero, and subsequently to Sallust, the historian. After the death of Messala, she entered, in extreme old age, into a fourth marriage with a Roman senator, who used to say that he possessed the two greatest curiosities in Rome—the widow of Cicero, and the chair in which Julius Caesar had been assassinated. [Dunlap's Roman Literature.

"Papa, the temperance men says the logwood in Port Wine. Is that what dyes your nose red?" "Nonsense, my son, go t

(From the Russian Anthology.)
THE CHURCHYARD.—By Karamsin.

First Voice.
How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm wind, the creak of the birch
And the white bones all clattering together.

Second Voice.
How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowers perfume it with ether.

First Voice.
There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle weeds hiss.

Second Voice.
How lovely, how sweet, the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there—but the nightingales come,
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.
The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave—
Tis the vultures shade, tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.
There the cory at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod, while the turtles above
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.
There darkness and dampness, with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay, fill the dwellings of death—
The trees are all barren and bare.

Second Voice.
O, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

First Voice.
The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is launched on the wreck covered river.

Second Voice.
The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff like one that is weary,
And sweetly resumes his slumber.

ABOMINABLE.—At a meeting held in Jington, Ky., by Bros. Edwards and Folger, an old man present arose and gave the following incident, as the reason why he should sign the pledge:

"Last winter, I was called upon by a Coroner's jury, in the case of a man who was found dead in the woods. He doubtless had been intoxicated, and in that condition had lost his way and frozen to death. A flask, partly filled with whisky, was in his pocket. Five of the Jury of Inquest, drank the contents of the bottle, which was taken from the dead man's pocket!"

AWFUL EVENT.—At Newburyport, a man named Page, keeps for sale rum and coffins; rum below and coffins above. It is said that when men have been made drunk below, they have been carried up for sport, and put into the coffins above. A Mr. Horton was recently found dead in that chamber. He had left Haverhill with \$100 in his pocket. When he was found, he had but 27 cents. He was buried from the front of that rum-shop. The hearse moved off without a friend to follow him to the grave. And yet, said Page goes on selling coffins and rum. Can the good people of Newburyport tolerate such an outrage upon all that is decent and bearable in a Christian community?—*Ex. pa.*

DANE LAW SCHOOL DINNER.—It is reported that ninety-five gentlemen sat down to the Dane Law School Dinner, at Cambridge, Mass., and that one hundred and twenty bottles of wine were drank among them. Nathan Dane stands among the first of those pioneers in the reform, who instituted the Massachusetts Temperance Society in 1813. Could he have looked down on this Bacchanalian festival, surely he would have said, "Change your name, gentlemen, or your practice."—*Temp. Union.*

Interesting Beggar.—Mr. Fay considers Italy as the head quarters of mendicancy, the paradise of beggars. Among his experiences on this fact he relates the following little incident of the flower girl of the Lung Arno:—"A very pretty girl, but an impudent jade, claims the Lung Arno, and waylays people there to a good account. She is neatly and even elegantly dressed, has the air of a pert lady's maid, and carries in her hand a basket of flowers. She immediately distinguishes strangers, and a gentleman with ladies is sure to be her victim. She climbs upon him, fastens the nosegay in his button hole, *volens volens*, courtseys, gets her fees, and thus collects a tribute from nearly every visitor to this city, who will have no difficulty in recalling to recollection her little velvet cap, clean white apron, pretty saucy face, mature manners, and everlasting basket of flowers. She became at length so troublesome to me, that I told her one day, 'I have now given to you all the money I can spare.' More than once afterwards she was bounding up to me with a bouquet, when the sight of my face and uplifted finger arrested her steps: she would stop, smile, and drop a theatrical courtesy, and let me pass with 'Ol, that is true, you have given me something before, sir.'"

When do you go to Prayers?—Two boys belonging to the chaplain of two different men of war, entertained each other with an account of their respective manners of living. "How often Jack," says one of them; "do you go to prayers?" "We only pray," replied Jack, "when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight." "Aye," says the former, "there's some sense in that; but my master, makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than to jump into the sea."

Tomato Wine.—To one quart of the tomato juice, add one pound of sugar; and if desired, a small quantity of the juice of the common grape. It is a better and much safer for a tonic or other medical uses, than the wines generally sold as Port Wines, &c., for such purposes. It is peculiarly adapted to some disease and states of the system, and is particularly recommended for derangement of the liver. Try it and see.

Preservation of Peach Trees.—By tying a small bundle of tobacco about the trunk, a little above the ground, the dripping will destroy the roots; or strained oil poured round the trunk, or anthracite coal ashes placed there. Tansy, also, is recommended to be planted around the trees as a preventive against worms.

Geese on the Farm.—Geese are poison to most kind of grass, and it is said that four geese will destroy as much as a cow. Geese and turkeys cost the farmer more than any living creature on the place, in proportion to their value. A turkey sells at from fifty to seventy-five cents, and consumes as much as a hog that weighs an hundred pounds.

A PLAIN APPEARANCE NO DISGRACE.

What if you have a patch on your knee? It is nothing to be ashamed of. It lays easier on the mind than a writ at the door, or an interview with a creditor who feels you have wronged him. Better wear an old hat, an unfashionable coat, or a pair of cow-hide shoes, than live extravagantly, run in debt, and have every body feel that you are a villain. There is nothing like prudence and economy, especially if you are striving to keep up your credit. Who will trust you if you are poor and lazy, and dress in fine broadcloth, and display gold chains and breast-pins? No one. But with a home-spun coat, brown face, hard hands, and industrious habits, you are almost sure to be favored, at least by the better portion of community. Your appearance indicates that you are frugal, and will be a safe customer.

An honest man need not fear the assaults of his enemies. Talent will be appreciated—industry will be rewarded—and he who pursues, in any calling, an open, manly, honest course, must in the end triumph over his enemies, and build for himself a good name, which will endure long after his traducers are forgotten.

THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

What is it?—Faith in God, through Jesus Christ. What advantage can be derived from a course of rebellion against the King of heaven? Look forward, we pray you, to Nature's dissolution,—when the world will have no more attractions for you,—when the sun will look dim, and the grasshopper be a burden,—when friends in vain will watch around your bed to comfort and console you. What would be more precious to the soul at such an hour, than the blessed hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave? Had you worlds to give, they would freely be exchanged for this. But no; if you reject the way of life, and ponder the dark course of sin; if you heed not the voice of parental counsel and friendly admonition, and urge your step in the mazes of folly, you must reap the reward of your iniquity in that world where hope can never come.

Dr Holland says, "That if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so act on the part that it is very likely to come upon them."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed an urchin who was chewing a green apple, "I've swallowed an odd fellow." "An odd fellow?" "Yes, he is giving me the grip."

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MISS CAROLINE ORNE.

"The Oriol sang on the pendant bough
By the home of her lowly rest,
And o'er it the star of evening shone,
Like the smile of an angel blest."

It was on a bright morning in the month of May, that the wagon of an emigrant might have been seen slowly moving along the rough grass covered road, faintly traced through the heart of the southwestern wilderness. It is seldom that the sun looks upon a scene of richer beauty, and yet the hearts of those who beheld it, pined for the home they had left beyond the mountains.

"Rosa, how do you feel now?" said Mr. Osborne, with an expression of great anxiety, looking back into the wagon from the seat where he sat guiding the horses. This was addressed to his daughter, a girl of seventeen, who lay on a bed placed in the bottom of the wagon, with her head supported in her mother's lap.

"A little better," she replied, in a faint voice. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Osborne, "the fever flush on her cheeks deepens every moment. I do wish we could find some spot where we might rest; she cannot bear the motion of the carriage."

"We must go on till we can find water, at any rate," replied her husband, "and if I am not deceived, the soil indicates it to be near at hand."

"Let James and I alight, father, and go forward," said a handsome, active boy of thirteen, "and see if we can't find some."

His father assented, and alighting, the boys bounded along the road, which now began to enter a deep forest. Leaving the road on the left, they soon emerged into the open country, and ascending a spot of ground somewhat elevated, they, to their great delight, beheld at a little distance a stream of water sparkling brightly in the sunbeams. The shout of joy which they uttered at the discovery, rose shrill and clear on the air, and was waited back to those left behind. Mr. Osborne cheered the horses into a quicker pace, and in a few moments they had arrived at the point where the eldest boy, whose name was Robert, had stationed himself, that he might direct his father which way to proceed. It was with considerable difficulty, though the distance was short, that Mr. Osborne led the horse through the intricacies of the forest, the interlacing boughs of the luxuriant vine, frequently checking all further progress, till cut or torn away.

"There, father," said Robert, when they had at last arrived at the foot of the eminence, "you see where James stands in the shade of those large trees. Well, the water, though we cannot see it here, is not more than half a rod from that spot, and looks almost as bright and sparkling as the brook that used to run back of our house, which Rosa used to love so well. There are no such smooth pebbles at the bottom, though," he added, with a sigh.

It was not long before they halted in the shade of a cluster of maple trees, the same which had been indicated by Robert. Here it was their first care to arrange a bed for Rosa.

It was a lonely and quiet spot; the rustling of the foliage, and occasionally a gush of sweet wild music from some bird, alone breaking the Sabbath stillness. The air, soft and clear, and laden with the breath of the many brilliant flowers gemming the greensward, as it fanned the brow of the fair girl, for a moment appeared to alleviate her sufferings. From the place where she lay, she could behold the sparkling stream, and she thought of the clear brook on whose pebbly bed she had in childhood so often stood and watched its waters, like a stream of liquid amber, gurgle over her small bare feet, and listened to its musical voice, that seemed whispering to her of days of joy to come. There was a living form, too, that rose amid the scene, and hallowed and endeared the memories of her late home. The spot where Edgar Ashton had told her of his love, and communicated to her the plan he had formed of joining her in the far west, as soon as he had accumulated a sum that would make the little homestead comfortable for his widowed mother and his two young brothers, rose up so palpably before her that she held her breath to listen, expecting to hear his voice. The loud carol of a bird, such as she had never before heard, dissipated the illusion, and covering her face with her hands, she wept as she became conscious that her mind was yielding to the bewildering influence of the disease.

The noon tide hour had long been past, and Mr. Osborne and his two sons had completed a slight structure, formed of the limbs and boughs of trees, as a shelter from the heavy night dews. Rosa, as she turned her eyes towards the east, beheld one lone star beginning to shine faintly near the horizon, and she imagined that its light might beam on him who was now far away. Perhaps even then his eyes, like her's, might be directed towards it.

"Is it not Thursday?" she inquired of her mother, who now drew near her bedside.

She replied that it was.

"Thursday evening," she resumed, "is, you may remember, the last we ever spent in our home. Edgar Ashton was with us, and before we parted we all sang our favorite evening hymn. Let me listen to it now for the last time."

Many persons have heard the "Evening Hymn," commencing with the line,

"The day is past and gone,"

beautiful for its simplicity, and which, in former years, might have been heard by a New England fireside, sung by the united voices of a household, before retiring to rest. Now, for the first time, its music rose on the still air of the lonely and solemn wilderness. The clear and deep voice of Mr. Osborne trembled not, even when the voice of Rosa was heard joining in the hymn in accents sweet, yet low and broken—for the iron nerves of a strong man are not easily shaken even when the heart is bleeding with anguish; but the voices of the mother and the brothers were unsteady, and sometimes almost ceased, for they knew that it was the last time Rosa would ever sing with them. She had before they commenced their hymn been removed to the shelter of the bower, but so near the entrance which had, on her request, been made to look towards the childhood, that she could still be-

hold the star which had attracted her attention when it first began to kindle its fire in the heavens."

She spoke of Edgar Ashton, and holding up her hand, so as to display a plain gold ring he gave her at parting, requested it to be returned to him when she was dead.

"Oh Rosa," cried Robert, sobbing as he spoke, "you will get well—I know you will."

"No Robert, I shall die, and you and father, mother and James, will all have to go away and leave me here alone. You, mother, must write to Edgar Ashton, and tell him you left me resting in a pleasant spot near a stream of clear water, almost as beautiful as that which runs near the home we left. Tell him the song of birds will float over me by day, and that a star, sweet and mild as the one we loved to imagine was the home of ministering spirits, will shine upon my grave by night. Mark the spot where you bury me, so that if ever he should be a wanderer in this country, he may find where I lie." She now closed her eyes, and seemed inclined to sleep.

The night wore on, and the father and mother watched together by the low couch of their dying daughter. Even the boys, so slight were their slumbers, roused themselves at every noise, were it only the low twitter of a bird, as it moved on its leafy perch.

The day star had risen in the east when Rosa awoke from her heavy sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne bent earnestly forward to catch the low murmur of her lips. Her words were broken and indistinct, but they knew that she spoke of the blessedness of that land where friends meet to part no more, and where sorrow and sighing flee away. She became silent, and they saw it was death that had hushed her voice. Mrs. Osborne and the boys covered their faces and wept, but Mr. Osborne, as he turned his eyes toward heaven, now glowing with the first beams of day, said in a low yet unflinching voice, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The next day they watched beside their daughter's shroud was carefully arranged by the father's hands, and her long golden tress which so sport with every breath of wind, were bound on her cold forehead and lay motionless in its snowy folds. Robert and James gathered violets and wild flowers—which they knew she loved, and placed them upon her bosom.

The twilight shadows began to gather. A grave had been dug in the shade of the largest and most beautiful of the trees, amid whose branches birds were now singing their evening song. They knew that the time had come for them to commit her to the dust, and kneeling down by the bier, woven of green boughs, Mr. Osborne offered up a prayer, fervent and humble—heart thrilling, yet full of trust. When they arose, they felt strengthened for their mournful task. They placed her gently in the grave they had prepared, looked up on her for the last time, and then all but the father turned away, for they could not bear to see the earth fall upon the sweet face that had so often smiled upon them, and which was beautiful even in death. Mr. Osborne leaned for a few minutes on his spade, and breathed a silent prayer, that he might not shrink from this last trying duty, which he owed to the dead.

By the time the grave was closed and covered with the fresh green sods, daylight had entirely faded. All was calm and silent. Even the voice of the winds was hushed, yet as they sat together by the spot where they had lain their poor Rosa, "a floating whisper," such as is heard only in the deep hush of the evening or night time, seemed to come to them like low and distant music. None spoke, yet it fell on the hearts of all with a deep soothing power. It appeared to them like the echo of spirit-voices singing some sweet hymns, such as one as Rosa used to love to breathe with her clear musical voice on a still Sabbath evening in summer.

The morning rose bright and balmy, and Mr. Osborne, with the assistance of his family, having enclosed the grave with logs prepared the day before, mentioned that it was time for them to pursue their journey. Everything being ready for their departure, they looked on the grave for the last time, and wept.

When they arrived at the spot destined to be their future home, Mrs. Osborne's first care was to perform the request of Rosa and write to Edgar Ashton. The letter and the ring were entrusted to the care of a gentleman about to commence a journey, which would lead near the young man's home, and he promised to deliver them with his own hand. He wrote an immediate answer, for it was a consolation to pour out his heart to those whom he knew would give him their sympathy.

"A thousand thanks," said he towards the conclusion of the letter, "for the faithful description you gave me of the spot where you made her grave. It is present to my mind in the still evening and in the deep night. It will ever be the dearest spot to me on earth, and soon to be able to behold it, is the dearest hope I most fondly cherish."

A number of years afterwards, as a traveller from one of the New England States was riding in company with a native son of the forest, he at a little distance observed a small spot of ground enclosed with logs. Inquiring of the Indian its design, he related to him the incidents on which the foregoing sketch is founded. With feelings deeply touched and interested at the idea that a young and beautiful girl was reposing alone in the wilderness, far from kindred and friends, he drew near the enclosure. A wild rose tree, together with the sensitive plant, had taken root on her grave and were growing in rich luxuriance—appropriate emblems of the beauty and modest virtues of her who slept beneath.

WAR WITH MEXICO.

WESTERN ORATORY.

Fellow Citizens and Hosses: Hurrah!—there's a prospect of war. Skunk Holler is in arms and on its feet, and the earthquake shout, bustin' from twenty six millions of greased lungs, is reverberated over this tall land.—Mean, sneakin', toad-hopin', snake-crawlin', sword-scared on, house-settin'-on-fire, barba-

rous, David Crockett-killin' Mexico, has dared to show her cat-teeth to the heavenrous, lightnin'-defyin' and death-swallerin' Uncle Sam. (Shouts.) Methinks, and oh hosses, I spy the spirit of '76, goodnesses of liberty! soarin' on its turkey wings around you! ["Whar?" says one, looking up.] You great hoss, I'm speakin' in a figger. I see 'em flappin' their shinin' pinions and pipin' the affectin' warcy of Yankee Doodle! [Crowd—"Yankee Doodle! Cock-a-doodle doo!"] Bring out the long-tom of Bunker Hill, and that thousand pounder of New-Orleans! Let them roar till they crack the welken, set the clouds on fire, and knock the poles over! The wrath-swung cleaver of Uncle Sam shall split the numb-skull of Sandy Hannah, in a handy manner, and Skunk Holler will bung up the day-light of his country! Let us dig a hole with the pick-axe of vengeance, scream the Mexicans into it, and sink 'em into Chany!—Whar is the skunk that don't echy them sentiments? He aint no whar, nor never was.—(Three cheers and a whistle.) The country's safe! (Shouts.) It's great, but it's safe!—(Shouts.) I believe I'll take a drink of—water!

When You and I Were Boys.

BY JAMES MILLER.

My memory often bears me away

To the scene of my childhood's home,

Again I engage in my youthful play,

And 'round my old home-stead roam;

Old hopes revive, old pleasures live,

The past my mind employs,

When I think of the spot, where fell our lot,

When you and I were boys.

The little cot at the foot of the hill,

The place which gave us birth;

Oh! does it retain its beauties still,

That dearest spot on earth?

Are the flowers as fair, in the arbour there,

Where we always kept our toys?

Are the warblers' lay as they were in the days

When you and I were boys?

Now gently flows the spring-house rill,

By the orchard's shady side,

Where we built the tiny water-mill,

And watched our toy-ships glide?

Is there the seat where we used to meet,

To make our rabbit decoys,

Just down in the dell, that we loved so well

When you and I were boys.

And is the school house standing yet,

On the common across the way,

Where we, a troop of merry ones, met

Less anxious for study than play?

Is heard the shout, when the school is out,

And the echo of the noise

Of the happy throng, the hills among,

As 'twas when we were boys?

Is the church still there, away in the dell?

To the villagers is borne

The silvery tones of that same old bell,

On every Sabbath morn?

Do the dead still sleep where the willows weep,

And no rude foot annoys?

Are the graves as spare—are there no more there

Than there was when we were boys?

Does nature wear as bright a hue?

Do the hills as pretty appear?

Is the summer's sky as sweetly blue?

Is the wintry air as clear?

Oh! how I'd love again to rove

'Mong the scenes of my youthful joys,

And feel once more, as in days of yore,

When you and I were boys.

"Still, gentle Lady, cherish flowers—

Truly fairy friends are they,

On whom of all thy cloudless hours

Not one is thrown away;

By them, unlike man's ruler race,

No care conferr'd is spur'd,

But all thy fond and fostering grace

A thousand-fold returned.

The Rose repays thee all thy smiles—

The stainless Lily rears

Dew in the chalice of its wiles,

As sparkling as thy tears,

The glances of thy gladd'ning eyes

Not thanklessly are poured;

In the blue Violet's tender dyes

Behold them all restored.

You bright Carnation—once thy cheek

Bent o'er it in the bud;

And back it gives thy blushes meek

In one rejoicing flood!

That Balm has treasured all thy sigh,

That snow-drop touched thy brow,

Thus, not a charm of thine shall die,

Thy painted people vow."

ay, dearest girl, will you agree
to trust your happiness to me?

LAUGHABLE SCENE—A LOVER PROPOSING.

The following scene, from the new novel of the Matchmaker, is very laughable. A ruined captain of the Guards, supposed to be a good match, goes himself to the feet of the Matchmaker's daughter. "His last writ was still in his glove, and the usurer's iron smile before his eyes. He had had a letter that morning from his brother, who had twice paid his debts, refusing him any further assistance, and two friends to whom he had applied had declined lending him a few pounds. Poor Dashington, the pallor of his cheeks, and the earnest agitation of his manner struck Augusta and her mother, and were attributed, of course, to passion, not poverty. So fine, so elegant, and so habitually supercilious a man, humbled and trembling before her! How great a change had been wrought by the 'might, the majesty of loveliness!' Both the lady and her mother felt a relenting kindness moisten their eyes and soften their hearts. 'May I speak to you for a moment alone, Miss Lindsay?' he said, imploringly, fixing his eyes upon Augusta. 'Dear Madam!' he exclaimed, going up to Mrs. Lindsay, and taking her hand, 'you have a kind, a gentle heart; beauty is not all that Miss Lindsay has inherited from you—you, who most often have driven men mad, you can pity me; grant me a few minutes' private interview with Miss Lindsay.—Oh! if you have a son!' 'I have no son,' said Mrs. Lindsay, much moved. 'Well, then, let me plead my cause a moment, and, if I succeed, you shall have a son in me.—The presence even of one so kind and good as you are chills my tongue. Oh, do be merciful!—I plead for life—existence. I cannot exist if I am unsuccessful now.' There was truth in that assertion. Well, thought Mrs. Lindsay, perhaps Augusta may as well accept him; he is brother to a baronet, who, being a fox, hunter, stands a fair chance of a broken neck; he is by far the most desperately in love with her of all her suitors.—What an altered man! I will just let him speak to her alone for five minutes; if there should be any thing odd in his manner, she knows the other two are in the conservatory, and can call out to them. Poor fellow, he is indeed in love!—'Captain Dashington, I cannot refuse you five minutes' conversation with my daughter—your evident agitation would make it cruel to deny you an opportunity of expressing your feelings. Be guided entirely by your own heart, dearest,' she said, embracing her daughter, and added, in a hasty whisper, 'If his manner grows odd, call out for the other two, and let your answer be regulated by circumstances; his circumstances, I mean.' She was scarcely gone when Dashington rushed forward, and throwing himself on both his knees, caught Augusta's hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I cannot live without you Augusta! and not an hour longer can I exist without your promise to be mine!' 'You agitate, you alarm me!' said Augusta, much flattered by this proof of the maddening power of her charms. 'Forgive me! I am well nigh mad myself. I have heard of rivals here, there, every where. Augusta! divine Augusta! Who loves you as I do? Who deserves you as I do? Say you will be mine—only say it. To-morrow, with your uncle, I will enter on all discussions of business. But say, to-day, Ferdinand, I will be yours!' 'I cannot be so hurried, I must reflect.' 'Be it so, madam! and, while you reflect, I will act. Either say you will be mine to-day, nay, sign it, sign your promise with your own sweet name, that I may have something to live upon, something to support me, something to look forward to, or hear, to-morrow, that the man who could not exist without you is a corpse!' Augusta shuddered. She looked at the handsome and elegant young guardsman in tears at her feet; she thought, 'None other loves me thus! I shall be his death!' She hid her face in her hands. 'You cannot look at me and doom me to death—angel of mercy! you cannot do it. I would not agitate you, loveliest! say you will be mine, and I will be calm. Here, beloved one!' and he led her to the table, wrote a few sweet words, and he put the pen into her hand. 'Say I promise Ferdinand Dashington, to be your wife within six weeks from this time, and sign your own dear name, Augusta Lindsay.' 'Angel! if you will, I can live—I can positively exist upon those words.' Augusta took the pen; Dashington bent over her, pale and trembling with eagerness. 'Write, loveliest,' he said. 'I cannot; it is unmaidenly, unfeminine, in such haste, unadvised; even my mother not consulted.' 'Then doom me to death! swear!' and he knelt down before her. 'No, no!' and she took the pen.

To whomsoever they may belong, warmth of feeling pervades them, which is one of the most apparent characteristics of Mrs. Sigourney's muse.—*Boston Advocate.*

HARVEST HYMN.

God of the year!—with songs of praise
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness;—
In early spring-time thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming—
And its sweet treasures day by day,
Rose quickening in thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low,
Seemed bow'd in thankfulness to thee,—
The earth with all its purple isles,
In answering to thy genial smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours;
To raise, praise to thee! Our hearts expand
To view the blessings of thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love,
Go off to their bright home above.

ON HEARING A LITTLE MUSICAL BOX.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Hallo!—what?—where?—what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?
I never in my life—what no!
That little tin box playing so?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us, swift and light,
And come from some minuter star
To treat us with his pearl guitar.
Hark! it scarcely ends the strain,
But it gives it o'er again;
Lovely thing! and runs along,
Just as if it knew the song,
Touching out, smooth, clear, and small,
Harmony and shake, and all,
Now upon the treble lingering,
Dancing now as if 'twere fingering,
And at last upon the close,
Coming with a sweet repose.

O, full of sweetness, crispness, ease,
Compound of lovely smallnesses,
Accomplished trifle,—tell us what
To call thee, and disgrace thee not.
Worlds of fancies come about us,
Thrill within, and glance without us,
Now we think that there must be
In thee some humanity,
Such a taste, composed and fine
Smiles along that touch of thine,
Now we call thee heavenly rain,
For thy fresh, continued strain;
Now a hail, that on the ground
Splits into light leaps of sound;
Now the concert, neat and nice,
Of a pigmy paradise;
Sprinkles then from singing fountains,
Fairies heard on tops of mountains;
Nightingales ended with art,
Caught in listening to Mozart;
Stars that make a distant tinkling,
While their happy eyes are twinkling;
Sounds for scattered rills to flow to;
Music for the flowers to grow to.

O thou sweet and sudden pleasure,
Dropping in the lap of leisure,
Essence of harmonious joy,
Epithet-exhausting toy,
Well may lovely hands and eyes
Start at thee in sweet surprise;
Nor will we consent to see
In thee mere machinery;
But recur to the great springs
Of divine and human things,
And acknowledge thee a lesson
For despondence to lay stress on,
Waiting with a placid sorrow
What may come from Heaven to-morrow,
And the music hoped at last,
When this jarring life is past.

Come, then, for another strain;
We must have thee o'er again.

THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.—'I should like to have that man's knowledge in my head about ten minutes, to see how it would feel.' Such was the rather quaint remark which dropped from a young man, as he saw Mr. Burritt, the learned blacksmith, step into a car where he was seated. 'Well,' we could not help replying, 'probably you could have your wish for as much as ten minutes, by going the same way to work that he did.'

The young man thought a moment, and then made an evasive reply, intimating as much as that he considered that a large undertaking, for all the use he would be likely to have for so much learning—'just to see how it would feel.'

That young man is a fair representative of thousands. They would like to see how it feels to be a learned man, but they overlook the value of scientific attainments, and so shrink from the cost. Depend upon it, however, young friends, the treasure is worth the price and the pains, and yet in no other way can it be acquired. What say you then? Would you have a head full of useful knowledge, and a heart full of good principles? If so, aim for the prize, and set about its attainment. 'The merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.' Apply yourselves, save those spare mementos—give them study—avoid those groggeries—read some thing worth thinking about, and think about what you read. Hold it fast—treasure it up, and—see how it feels!

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION.—The remains of George Walton and Lyman Hall, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, are to be removed to Augusta, Georgia, for interment. A lead monument is to be erected over them, for which the Legislature has appropriated \$1500.

THE STEAM ARM.—The amount of work now done by machinery, moved by steam, in England, has been supposed to be equivalent to that of between three and four hundred millions of men by direct labor.

THE SAILOR.

A subscriber has handed us a useful little tract, published by the "Tract Association of Friends, Philadelphia," entitled the "Effects of Ardent Spirits," from which we make the following extract, showing forcibly the enfeebling and enervating influence of ardent spirits, and its utter impotency in enabling the body to resist extreme cold:

"In the winter of 1829, the ship Tuscarora, Capt. Serrill, of Philadelphia, on her homeward voyage from Liverpool, was caught in the river Delaware, by a heavy north-east snow storm, and obliged to put into Chester piers for safety; at which place a considerable fleet of vessels had already taken shelter.—As the storm was violent, and the weather very cold, it was a matter of no little difficulty to secure the vessels properly. The men were long exposed, and suffered so severely, that of all the crews then collected there, not one escaped without having some of the hands frost-bitten, except the crew of the Tuscarora. This was remarkable, and naturally occasioned some inquiry into the cause of her exemption from the common lot. Her men had been as much exposed as the others; they were not better clothed, and having just got in from a winter's passage across the stormy Atlantic, might be supposed to be somewhat exhausted from previous fatigue, and therefore, rather more liable to suffer than some of the rest.

"Yet there was one individual on board of her, who did suffer. He was not, however, one of the crew, had not just returned from a boisterous voyage with strength impaired, nor did his station require him to be nearly so much exposed to the weather as the sailors were,—for he was the Pilot.

"It appeared, on inquiry, that the crew of the Tuscarora had refrained during the homeward passage from the use of ardent spirits;—that the crews of the other vessels had not so refrained,—and that the Pilot of the Tuscarora was a drinking man!

"This at once explained the mystery. It was a most striking proof of the advantage of Temperance, and a complete refutation of the notion, that, strong drink is necessary to enable the poor sailor to endure the many and great hardships he has often to under-

go. We are indebted to Dr. HUNTING, of this city, for a copy of the song which we subjoin:

THAT SONG.

Suggested by the following passage of the Mayor's Address to the people of Providence—written by Mr. John D. Ross, of Boston, and sung in the First Baptist Church, Providence, by the PEAK FAMILY, at the late R. I. State Temperance Convention.

"I respect the conscientious views of those who consider the retailing of strong liquors as morally wrong, and declare that no money derived from such a source, ought to pass into the public treasury; but I suppose the number of those who take that ground, to be small!"

THE RUMSELLER'S REJOICING.

TUNES—"Creation." "Old Hundred."

Oh, isn't it a glorious thing,
(A Rumseller was heard to sing)
That spirits won't be banished hence,
All through the Mayor of Providence.

CHORUS.*

Some say that Rum makes sin and woe,
That 'tis immoral some would show;
But then his Honor says, "Oh! no!"
That's what the gentleman told us, oh!

We'll put the Brandy to men's lips,
Although 'tis death to him who sips;
And we will sell, for it is said,
Few think it an immoral trade.

We'll mix the Juleps without shame,
We'll burn men's souls with liquid flame;
We'll deal out sorrow fast and thick,
And flourish every toddy stick.

The poor man we will poorer make,
The widow's heavy heart we'll break,
The mind we'll crush—the soul degrade,
Yet ours is no immoral trade.

The wise and good may bid us cease,
And now we'll bid them hold their peace,
For few conceive our trade can be
An outrage 'gainst morality.

Hurrah! hurrah! our trade we'll drive,
Our grog we'll draw, and we will thrive;
Some may object—what if they do?
His Honor says they're very few.

Then isn't it a glorious thing,
(A Rumseller was heard to sing,
That spirits won't be banished hence,
Few wish it so in Providence.

* This song may be sung with or without the chorus.—Without, in the tunes given above—with, in the original tune of "Dandy Jim."

multiply the p^{owers} & by's and that product by's the quotient will
be the interest for one month int cents and decim^{als} of a cent &

Examples

1 note for 40 dollars new england currency has been on interest one month
how much is the interest thereof in federal money

$$\begin{array}{r} 411 \\ \times 5 \\ \hline 2055 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

ans. = 685 85-85d

DISTINCTIONS.

To the man of sense who views society as a necessary compact of intelligent beings, met for mutual benefit upon the broad ground of equality, those petty distinctions founded on the possession of wealth, or other extraneous appendages of character, appear ridiculous and amusing. In this country where the boast of equality is upon every lip, there are more distinctions in society than in any other country in the world; and there are grades of aristocracy in each of which there is more of exclusiveness manifested than among the nobility and gentry of any kingdom in Europe. There are distinctions in society which should always exist, on the perpetuity of which sound morality depends. They consist in the various phases exhibited virtue and vice; and the more vicious a member of the compact becomes, broader and more decided should the virtuous draw the line of distinction, which should never be passed except on an errand of mercy by the latter, to reclaim the former. There is a distinction of character, depending upon the violation of each, not on any fortuitous circumstances, and consequently is a legitimate distinction. But to see men building their structure of superiority upon the sandy and uncertain foundation of riches, upon the frame of some distinguished progenitor, or upon the more foolish and ridiculous idea that one employment was more genteel than another, excites the smile of mingled pity and contempt upon the lips of the sensible. Yet we daily meet with those who assume superiority on these grounds, and it is a practice, arising from an error of the judgement, that we may ascribe nine-tenths of the evils with which the harmony of society is disturbed.

Several years since we made a journey to a thriving village in a neighboring county, and, while tarrying at the house of a friend, saw a practical illustration of the above remarks. A social party had gathered on the occasion of the return of another birthday of one of our friends's daughters, and it was really a congregation of pretty and cheerful faces. During the evening a cotillion was proposed, and couples immediately formed upon the floor. From a retired corner came a neatly dressed young man, with an intelligent countenance and pleasing address, and invited a gay butterfly girl, who seemed disposed to flirt with every body, to join in the dance. She scarcely deigned a recognition, and coldly refused. The young man bit his lips, while the flush of offended pride mounted to his cheeks, and passing to the opposite side of the room, found his hand acceptable to a pretty, modest Miss, and in a moment more they were moving in the dance.

"Who was that young man?" asked a merchant's clerk, addressing the coquette first mentioned.

"He is an impudent puppy," responded the frail one, curling her pretty lip haughtily, "he is nothing but a mechanic, and I wonder at his presumption in asking me to dance."

"'Twas presumption, indeed, and extraordinarily and shockingly impertinent," responded the clerk, tucking in the ruff of his dicky, and throwing one leg over the other in an important attitude. "I wonder that Mr. ——— was not more select in choosing the members of this 'ere party. But so it is; society here is gittin' as bad as Bosting and other indurcous places, where gentlemen are continually perforated with these 'ere infernal mechanics. You done right, Miss, awfully right, in scornin' to accept such like company."

"So says Miss Ann—don't you, Ann?" said the indignant coquette, addressing her butterfly companion.

"Yes, you did, Hetty—and I'll be hanged if I'd dance with one of them mechanics, if I never did. But do look! as sure as eggs, the impertinent fellow is dancing with Judge B——'s Phillippina. I think she ought to be ashamed of herself, for such a disgrace in open company."

"She's astonishingly foolish," said the clerk, shifting his legs importantly. "But come, Miss Hetty, will you dance?"

"With all my heart," said Miss Hetty, and they simultaneously sprang to the floor.

We listened to this colloquy with superlative contempt for the utterers, and having formed an opinion of their characters from the index just given, resolved to discover that of the young man. We ascertained that he was a coach maker, respectfully connected, of industrious habits, possessed of a mind far above the ordinary standard, and, withal, well cultivated. He viewed society as a man of sense ought, and presumed that equality should or ought to exist within the circle of a social party. Courtesy prompted him to offer his hand to the haughty coquette, and the refusal wounded his fine feelings. But they were healed by the frank and courteous address of the daughter of Judge B., and in truth, a motive more exalted than mere courtesy actuated them both. They were betrothed, but the gossips had not yet heard the secret. While leading the modest Emma to the cotillon ring, he looked with popper contempt upon the haughty Hester M., the misguided daughter of a broken merchant. She drew a line of distinction between herself and the honest mechanic, while he traced a demarcation. Her's was

drawn by an erroneous judgment—his by correct principles. The sequel is brief. The mechanic soon became the son-in-law of Judge B., emigrated to Indiana, and, at the last election in the State, was chosen a member of the popular branch of its legislature.

After seasons of flirtation and coquetry—Hester M. became the wife of the "cagging" young clerk, who, carrying his exclusive principles into his business relations, and endeavoring to ape his wealthy neighbors, was soon numbered with the list of bankrupts, and now gains but a scanty pittance in the metropolis as a third rate clerk. There are distinctions in society, but they are too often drawn by ignorance, or erring judgment.—"O shame, where is thy blush!"

THE RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER.

It is often said that the times are strangely altered; and certain it is the people are. It was once thought to be honorable to be engaged in some honorable and useful avocation—but now-a-days it is thought honorable to be idle.—There is complaint of the high prices of all necessities of human existence, and with much truth. But if the amount of idleness could be calculated with mathematical accuracy through out our extended Republic, and allow the drones only half price for services they might perform, which others are now paid for, it might not be an unsafe calculation to put down the whole amount now paid for provisions and marketing in the United States. It is not a little inconsistent to hear parents whine about the price of provisions, while they bring up their daughters to walk the streets and expend money.

In one of the great commercial cities, there resides a gentleman worth from two to three millions of dollars. He had three daughters, and he required alternately to go into the kitchen and superintend its domestic concerns.—Health and happiness, he said were thus promoted; besides in the vicissitudes of fortune they might, ere before they close their earthly career be compelled to rely upon their hands for a livelihood; and he would say that they could never become wives and proper heads of families, until they knew by practical experience, all the economy of household affairs.—One of the daughters is now the wife of a Governor of one of the States—all at the head of very respectable families—and they carry out the principles implanted by their worthy parent—winning and securing the esteem of all around them.

Let the fair daughters of our country draw lessons from the industrious of the past. The companions of men who fought in the revolution, were inured to hardships and accustomed to unceasing toil—and so did they educate their daughters. Health, contentment, happiness and plenty, smiled round the family altar. The damsel who understood most thoroughly and economically the management of domestic matters, and who was not afraid to put her hands into a washing-tub, for fear of destroying their elasticity and dimming their snowy whiteness, was sought for by the young men of those days as a fit companion for life—but now-a-days to learn the mysteries of the household, would make our fair ones flint away, and to labor comes not into the code of modern gentility.

THE INEXORABLE CREDITOR.

The following affecting narrative is found among the notes of a volume of the American poetry, published in Philadelphia by Mr. Woodworth.

"Some years since a young man by the name of Brown, was cast into the prison of this city for debt.—His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness, that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance. Companions in misery, we soon became attached to each other.

Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge; and he had abused him very much (as is usual in such cases,) and made a solemn oath to keep him in jail 'till he rotten.' I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him forever.

Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visit of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was enabled to give him sometimes soup and fruit; and every day clear or stormy, she visited the prison, to cheer the drooping spirit of her husband. She was uncommonly pretty. She seemed an angel administering consolation to a man about to converse with angel.

One day then, at one o'clock passed and she came not. Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four passed, and she did not appear. Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived; Mrs. B. was dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information, he darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning. The inner door was open, and the jailer, who had just let some in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The jailer knocked him down with a massy iron key which he held in his hand; and Brown was carried back, lifeless and covered with blood to his cell.

Mrs. Brown died; and the husband was even denied the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time; till at last he called, me one day, and gazed on me, while a faint smile played upon his lips, he said he believed death was more kind than his creditors. After a few convulsive struggles, he expired.

Legislators and sages of America, permit me to ask you how much benefit, has that creditor derived from the imprisonment and consequent death of an amiable man, and in the bloom of youth, who, without his cruelty, might have flourished, even now, an ornament and glory to a nation."

Mr. Weld, editor of the N. Y. Despatch, tells a story in as rich and quaint a style as any lord of the quill we wot of—for example—

"Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones's door, gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and sitting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snowy white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said."

"We'll, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mister Smith, you could n't have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman, like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was irritable as ever.

"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew, before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!"

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "out-published," they were married.

SINGULAR VERIFICATION OF A DREAM.—A letter from Hamburg contains the following curious story relative to the verification of a dream. It appears that a locksmith's apprentice one morning lately informed his master (Claude Soller) that on the previous night he dreamt that he had been assassinated on the road to Bergedorff, a little town at about two hours distance from Hamburg. The master laughed at the young man's credulity, and to prove that he had little faith in dreams, insisted upon sending him immediately to Bergedorff with 140 rix dollars (22/8s) which he owed to his brother in law, who resided in the town.—The apprentice, after in vain imploring his master to change his intention, was compelled to set out at about 11 o'clock. On arriving at Billweder, about half way between Hamburg and Bergedorff, he recollected his dream with terror, but perceiving the bailie of the village at a little distance, talking to some of his workmen, he accosted him, and acquainted him with his singular dream, at the same time requesting that as he had money about his person, one of his workmen might be allowed to accompany him for protection across a small wood which lay in this way. The bailie smiled, and in obedience to his orders, one of his men set out with the young apprentice.

The next day the corpse of the latter was conveyed by some peasants to the bailie, along with a reaping hook, which had been found by his side, and with which the throat of the murdered youth had been cut. The bailie immediately recognised the instrument as one which he had on the previous day given to the workman who had served as the apprentice's guide, for the purpose of pruning some willows. The workman was apprehended, and, on being confronted with the body of his victim, made a full confession of his crime, adding the recital of the dream had alone prompted him to commit the horrible act. The assassin, who is 35 years of age, is a native of Billweder, and, previously to the perpetration of the murder, had always been and irreproachable character.

Note the preceding rule by custom is ~~considered~~ so popular and so much practised and esteemed by many on account of its being simple and concise that I have given it a place it may answer for short periods of time but in a long course of years it will be found to be very erroneous

Although this method seems at first view to be upon the ground of simple interest yet upon a little attention the following objection will be found most clearly to lie against it viz that the interest will in a course of years completely expunge or as it may be said eat up the debt for an explanation of this take the following

Examples

A lends B 100 dollars at 6 per cent interest and takes his note of hand B does no more than pay A at every year one 6 dollars which is then justly due to B for the use of his money and has it endorse on his note at the end of 10 years B takes up his note and the sum has to pay is returned Thus the principal 100 dollars on interest 10 years amounts to 150 dollars there are nine endorsements of 6 dollars each upon which the debtor claims interest one for 9 years the second for 8 years the third for 7 years and so down to the time of settlement the whole amount of the several endorsements and their interest as any one can see by casting it is \$100 so do this subtract from 150 so do the amount of the debt leaves in favour of the creditor \$50 so do or \$10 so do less than the

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THE MAN WHO ALWAYS ATE STALE BREAD.

Among the persons who were in the habit of regularly frequenting the well known Cafe de Foy in the Palais Royal, about the year 1815, was a little old man, very carefully dressed, although his costume constituted a real anachronism. His head was enveloped in a warm Welch wig, with a long thick queue depending from it, which appeared when viewed from its hinder aspect, to resemble a full grown cabbage, with the stem still dangling from its circumference. His pantaloons were of black cloth, and were met midway down his stumpy legs by long Hessian boots, garnished with tassels, and bright as the surface of a polished mirror; a long green waistcoat fell downwards in folds so as to cover in part a round and well developed paunch; a loose and capacious coat, of a deep maroon colour, decorated with large bright metal buttons, and forcibly reminding one of the era of the Republic, incased the outer man; and a hat, bevelled off into a sugar loaf form, surmounted the wig, and completed the equipment.

After all, however, this costume was nothing very extraordinary, or indeed very different from that of the hundreds of antiquated men who about this epoch were to be seen swarming forth in five weather, like a host of innocent green frogs basking in the sun after a spring shower. The little old man in question visited the Cafe de Foy every morning precisely at one o'clock, called for a cup of coffee with cream, and a roll of bread, which he always divided into the same number of circular slices. It was necessary, however, that this bread should be stale, and as they knew the peculiar fancy of the old gentleman in this respect, a roll was carefully reserved from each day's consumption and put aside for his breakfast the following morning. From this practice the old gentleman became known among the different waiters by the sobriquet of "The man who always ate stale bread."

The old gentleman's state of existence was so uniform, and his movements so regular, as to resemble in no small degree those of an automaton. He entered the Cafe every morning, without looking to the right or to the left, and proceeded directly towards a little round table, isolated and incommensurable, and which for this reason was nearly always vacant. After being served with his breakfast, he invariably abstracted two out of the five pieces of sugar which figured beside his cup, and conveyed them into the dexter pockets of his green waistcoat; he next proceeded to butter in succession each of the numerous morsels of bread, adding, if I mistake not, precisely the same number of grains of salt to each, and then ate his breakfast, cautiously abstaining from looking at any of the journals or periodicals.

Some of the ardent politicians who frequented the Cafe, expressed astonishment and contempt at this last habit, and regarded the little old man as a very Vandal, careless of the honor and interests of his country. The more judicious, and among them myself, were of a different opinion; we considered him, for precisely the same reasons, a very paragon of prudence and wisdom. Inattentive to both parties, "the man who always ate stale bread" pursued the quiet tenor of his way, without change. He never attempted to form any intimacies, or suffered any unnecessary expressions to escape from his lips; his breakfast was eaten in silence, and usually terminated with the finale of a march beaten with his fingers on the table; his next step consisted in pulling up the Hessian boots to their greatest altitude, after which he paid for his breakfast, gave the waiter a sous, and left the house without saluting the dame de comptoir.

The worthy old gentleman's habits and peculiarities excited so much attention among the customers and waiters at the coffee house, and his manners were so gentle and docile, that some of the younger people began to think he would prove an eligible butt for their pleasantries. A sub-lieutenant on half pay, and in want of cheap amusement, determined one day to forestall the old gentleman in his accustomed seat, and take possession of the table to which he was attached. The little man arrived, and without being disconcerted, took his place on the opposite side.

"There is no room here for two," said the young fire eater, twirling his moustache.

"I have used this table for months," replied the old man, without moving, and in a deprecating tone of voice.

The soldier could not resist the appeal, and retreated from the field. This occurrence encouraged one of the waiters to make a further trial of his equanimity; the little old man, unwilling, as I have said, to waste words, was in the habit of holding out his fore-finger to intimate the quantum sufficient of coffee and of cream. The waiter, pretending inadvertence, directed the stream of boiling coffee over the finger of the original, at the instant that he waved it forth as a signal to cease pouring. The sufferer rose instantly from his seat, and, with an alacrity for which no one gave him credit, brought the point of his stout Hessian boot in contact with the part of the person of the waiter which was uncovered with coat tails, and sent the joker spinning across the floor of the apartment.

The waiter was exiled from the coffee-room as a punishment for the attack; the justice of the master condemned him to serve for a certain space in the laboratory, as the kitchen of a cafe restaurant is called.

In the end, "the man who always ate stale bread," triumphed over his tormentors, and generally had the laughter on his own side; he did not, however, exhibit any appearance of triumph, and, after one or two additional attempts at mischief, finding him quite immovable, his en-

emy left him to enjoy in peace his little table at the Cafe de Foy.

One day towards the close of the year 1817, the old man quitted the Cafe without paying for his breakfast, but, as he made no observation in so doing, it was supposed that he had forgotten it, and would remember the next morning. The coffee-house keeper however reckoned without his host in this supposition, for the next day came, and the next, and the next, "the man who always ate stale bread" regularly pocketed his two lumps of sugar, beat his accustomed march, pulled up his Hessian boots, and did all that he had been accustomed to do, with the exception of paying his bill.

This change in his usual practice continued for a week, at the end of which time the proprietor of the coffee house, ignorant of the name or residence of his debtor, determined upon presenting him with a bill; the more especially as the little man gave no explanation of his conduct, or made any allusion to this remarkable change in his ancient habits.

Dominic, the chief waiter of the establishment, had become attached to the old man, in consequence of the little trouble he gave, and his quiet and gentle demeanor. Dominic imagined, from the circumstance of his not diminishing the expense of his breakfast, that the good man was merely laboring under some temporary embarrassment; so that, partly from calculation and partly from good feeling, Dominic determined to become responsible to the proprietor for the past and future breakfasts, not doubting that the embarrassment would shortly cease, and that the little man would soon settle his arrears, and perhaps accompany the settlement with a gratuity for the accommodation.

But Dominic was deceived in his calculation of time; ten months elapsed without any allusion to the matter or offer for payment. The coffee-house keeper and his waiters began to shrug their shoulders and make long faces at the risk poor Dominic was running. Dominic himself, exposed to these daily doubts, began to think that he had acted too liberally in becoming responsible for a man whose debt seemed destined to go on accruing for ever; when, one day, the old man, without any explanation, demanded his account, settled it in full, and, after a careful calculation, handed to the waiter, in addition, the sum of fifteen francs six sous, as his gratuity, at the rate of one sous a day for ten months, of which four contained each thirty-one days.

If interest alone had guided the conduct of the head waiter, it must be confessed that he had lamentably failed in the result; for in France the contributions to the waiters are all placed in one general cash box, and at the end of a certain period the proceeds are divided among all the servants of the house, the master first helping himself to the lion's share; at this rate, therefore, Dominic's recompense would probably amount to a solitary sixpence. Dominic knew this, but was satisfied with the reward of his own heart; he thanked the old man graciously for the payment, placed the gratuity in the common receptacle, and transferred the other money to his own strong hold, for he had previously paid day by day the expense of the breakfast from his own pocket.

The little man followed Dominic's movements with his eyes at the same time beating upon the table a march, somewhat longer and a little more vehement than was his wont; but by no word or movement did he afford an indication of having understood the liberal conduct of the waiter in his behalf.

About the close of the same year, that is to say, three or four months after the liquidation of this singular debt, the proprietor of the Cafe, who had realized a fortune, announced his intention of disposing of the establishment, and retiring from trade.

Hearing this intention announced in the Cafe, the old gentleman made a sign to Dominic, who was in attendance, to approach, and began a conversation. Dominic was as much surprised at this sudden fit of loquacity as though one of the stucco figures on the ceiling had opened his mouth and asked for a cup of coffee. But Dominic was destined to be even more surprised at the nature of the conversation.

"My friend," said the little old gentleman to the head waiter, "you are a good fellow, and I wish you well."

Dominic bowed, and elevated his shoulders to that slight movement which may be interpreted ad libitum, to mean "I'm much obliged;" or "It is of little consequence to me." The old man took the former explanation, and continued—

"Dominic, I am sure you have been economical; I know this, and much more of which I do not speak, because I am too well acquainted with the value of words to throw them away; I know you have saved money."

Dominic bounded back a step or two, and the action hardly needed to be interpreted. "He is about to ask me to lend him money," thought the head waiter.

The questioner appeared to divine the thoughts of the waiter; his visage was for an instant disorted with a grimace, of which the model may be seen in the figures of the middle ages which decorate the porch of some gothic church.

"Dominic," he continued, "I see that I am right, you have money in the funds: this is excellent; and now reply to my question shortly and to the purpose. Do you think, from your own knowledge, that an intelligent man, desirous of improving his circumstances, would find this a favourable speculation in which to risk a capital so large as that demanded by your master for his business?"

Dominic was pleased to have an opportunity of

alking on a subject which entirely occupied his thoughts. "I," said he, "the purchaser understood the business, so as to be able to attend to his own interests, and if he was not compelled to borrow the purchase money on extravagant terms, he would find the business a fortune."

"Well, and why do you not purchase it?"

"Mercy, I! with what?"

"With your savings."

"My savings! they do not altogether amount to ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! How long have you been in service, Dominic?"

"I have carried the napkin for twenty-three years. I am now thirty-nine."

"You are a good fellow, as I said; the man who could amass ten thousand francs by adding sous to sous would soon be worth a million at the head of a house like this. Decidedly it must be so. Dominic, I know a person who could assist you with a loan; how much do you want?"

"Nothing. I would not incur a debt of two hundred and twenty thousand francs; the risk is too great, and the interest would probably absorb all the profit. I would rather continue a waiter for a few years longer, and retire upon a small annuity than run the risk of marching to prison in the shoes of a bankrupt."

"You speak sense, my friend, but leave the matter to me."

The old man then adjusted the folds of his boots, and departed without uttering another word. The next morning he came to the Cafe half an hour earlier than was his custom. Dominic commenced arranging his table, but the old man arrested his arm.

"Where is the proprietor?" said he.

"In his cabinet," said Dominic.

"Conduct me to him."

Dominic moved forward to show the old man the way; his heart beat with violence, for, although he had passed the whole of the preceding day in trying to convince himself that the good man was weak in his intellect, and was trifling with him, still his perplexity returned when he beheld the air of assurance and determination with which "the man who ate stale bread" proceeded about the business. When they were both arrived in the presence of the proprietor the old man commenced the conversation without further preamble.

"How much do you demand for your establishment?" said he.

"Before I reply to your inquiry," said the proprietor, who suspected some mystification or scene of folly, "before I reply to your demand, and enter upon the affair with you, suffer me to ask whom I have the honor to address?"

"You are right. If two parties are about to enter into a contract, it is first of all necessary that they should know and have confidence in each other. I am the Baron Ragelet, ex commissary general of the armies of the empire."

"Baron Ragelet!" said the proprietor, bowing. "I know the name; I have seen it lately in the newspapers."

"No doubt, in relation to an injunction obtained by my indignant family to prevent me from wasting my fortune. They say that I am a fool, and that my liberality has its origin in imbecility. During ten months, while the inquiry was going on, my property was sequestered, and I refused to touch the allowance offered me. Since then the inquiry has terminated in favor of my sanity; and, having again entered upon the administration of my property, I was enabled to refund to this excellent man the little sum he had the generosity to disburse for me. What sum do you demand for your establishment?"

"Two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"It is not, perhaps, too dear; and you would probably have no objection to leave some of the purchase-money on mortgage. But listen to me. The times are unsettled, and the most solid establishments are at the mercy of revolutions, and two hundred thousand francs now is better than two hundred and twenty thousand in prospect. Here, then," he continued, drawing an old portfolio from his pocket, "is two hundred thousand francs in notes of the Bank of France. If these satisfy you, the affair is finished. This is my way of transacting business, and in my time I have completed more important bargains in fewer words."

Dominic and his master both seemed stupefied with surprise. The Baron appeared to enjoy their confusion, and rubbed his hands, and repeated the grimace to which we have already alluded.

"I am willing to agree," said the proprietor; "but it is necessary that the matter should be arranged by a notary."

"Why so? Is not the sale executed in good form by the three parties present?"

"But with respect to the interest," murmured Dominic in a smothered tone of voice, seizing the Baron's coat, "it is necessary—"

"Bah!" replied the old man, "I do it to oblige a friend, and am no usurer. Give me your acknowledgment—I desire nothing else. But as I have no intention of making you a present of two hundred thousand francs, I will arrange it in such a manner that you shall not long remain my debtor."

Dominic fell from his elevation, and "the man who always ate stale bread" descended to the coffee room. While the buyer and seller were preparing themselves to register the transfer of the property, he swallowed tranquilly his cup of coffee, without forgetting the two pieces of sugar to be transferred to his pocket, beat a stately march on the table, drew up his boots and departed with his two friends to finish, by a cash of the pen, a transfer of the two hundred thousand francs.

In a few days Dominic was installed in his new dignity. The little old man continued to take his customary breakfast, in his usual impassable manner, when one day, as he was leaving the room, he deviated so far from his usual custom as to approach Dominic, who was enthroned in the seat of honor, and addressed him with the following words:

"Dominic," said he, "I think you have warm affections?"

"Perhaps," said Dominic, fixing his eyes upon the Baron, as though he would read his thoughts.

"I see," said the other, "you have them when the occasion demands it; you are right—I am pleased with the reservation. I find you have not lost your heart; marriage is the most important affair of a man's life. Dominic, you must get married."

"I have already thought of it, sir," said Dominic; "a wife would be a great source of comfort and economy. It would save the expense of a *dame de comptoir*."

"True," said the Baron, "you have need of aid and council; you shall have them. Be ready at eight o'clock this evening; I will call for you, and we will pay a visit together."

The appointed hour arrived, and with it the Baron Dominic, was ready, and accompanied Mons. Razelet in a hackney coach to that quarter of the city called wealth, the Faubourg St. Germain. Here they stopped at the door of a house of mean appearance, and, having ascended several flights of stairs, entered a small apartment, where they found two ladies, who received them with marked attention.

"Madame Dupre," said the Baron to one of them, with an appearance of friendly familiarity, "this is the worthy man of whom I have spoken, and in whose welfare I hope to interest you. Dominic," continued he, turning towards the coffee-house keeper, "this lady is the widow of a man who has rendered me many important services. She has promised to extend her favors to you, and will permit you to visit her at intervals."

While Mons. Razelet was making these introductions in due form, the daughter of Madame Dupre, whose name was Rose, and who without being exactly beautiful, possessed the freshness and bloom of the flower whose name she bore, regarded Dominic attentively, and he in return bestowed upon her a large share of his attention. The result of this double investigation appeared favorable to both parties, for Dominic was well formed, and with good features, and his countenance reflected the goodness and gentleness of his heart. He had also taken care, at his first introduction, to set off his person to the best advantage, believing the old adage, that, with the ladies, *Ce n'est que premier pas qui compte*.

But the meanness of the apartment, and the simple and inexpensive dresses of the ladies somewhat disapproved Dominic. He was anxious, at the earliest possible moment, to return to the Baron's loan, and indeed thought from a hint the Baron had dropped, that it was his intention to introduce him to a lady of property with some sum towards the liquidation of his debt. But observing such obvious signs of want of wealth in the Dupres, he came to the conclusion that the Baron was now desirous of marrying him to a girl who had been under his protection, in return for the favors which he had just bestowed. This thought occasioned Dominic great uneasiness; but, whatever the appearances might be, the conclusion was a wrong one. The next day, the interview had been satisfactory between the young people, the Baron announced to Dominic his plan in full. He stated the nature of the obligations conferred upon him by the elder Dupre, and his desire, as the family were left in adverse circumstances, to return the obligation, without alarming their delicacy; and this, he thought, he could best do by effecting a marriage between Dominic and the daughter of his friend. Dominic was satisfied with this explanation and arrangement; the young lady appeared truly amiable, and desirable as a partner for life; and before a week had elapsed Dominic made a formal offer of his hand and heart, and was accepted by the protégée of "the man who always ate stale bread."

The marriage was soon after solemnized, and the same day, after his customary breakfast the Baron beckoned to Dominic to approach.

"You have done well," said he; "you have married without interested motives, a woman delicate and capable of rendering you happy. I told you that I should find the means to cancel the debt you owe me; it is the dowry of Rose. And here," continued he, tearing the two hundred thousand franc bill in pieces, "I destroy the acknowledgment you gave for the money. Enjoy it, and be happy."

Dominic, full of gratitude, would have thrown himself at the Baron's feet, but he was already out of the door.

Dominic verified the prediction of the Baron and became a millionaire. He improved the establishment in the Palais Royal, and, having brought it to its present state of perfection, sold the property for five hundred thousand francs. He is now a retired citizen, residing in a noble hotel in the Rue St. Honore, and member of the Chamber of Deputies, distinguished chiefly for the simplicity of his character. Neither he nor Rose have ever forgotten or hesitated to acknowledge their obligations to "the man who always ate stale bread."

A WISH.

I WISH I were a little flower,
A forest flower I mean,
My home away in some wild glen,
Beside some winding stream;
I'm weary of this tiresome world,
For all its joys are vain;
But could I be a forest flower,
I'd live my life again.

I've listened to the voice of mirth,
I've heard the song of glee,
And thought, perchance, their gaiety
Might have some charms for me;
Yet I have mingled with the world,
And find its joys are vain;
But could I be a forest flower,
I'd live my life again.

I've stood beside the fair one's couch,
And heard her smothered sigh;
I've marked her feverish lip and cheek,
The tear drops in her eye;
I envy not the fair one's charms,
Her heart is filled with pain;
But could I be a forest flower,
I'd live my life again.

I love to hear the murmuring streams
I love the fragrant breeze—
I love the singing of the birds
Among the shady trees;
The stars that watch me when I sleep,
The bright and shining train,—
Oh! could I be a forest flower,
I'd live my life again.

The flowers can have no anxious thoughts,
No cares disturb their sleep;
And when the dawn streams o'er their couch,
They do not wake to weep;
They do not fear the winter winds
That sweep across the plain,
But resting 'neath their sunny couch,
They wait for Spring again.

[Selected.]

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Air—"Coronation."

All hail the powers of Abstinence!
Let drunkards sound the call;
Bring forth the Washingtonian pledge,
And let us sign it all.

Ye brandy drinkers! ne'er forget
There's poison in the cup;
'Twill taint your sweetest springs of life,
And on your vitals sup.

Save, you who love the Temperance cause,
The tippler from his fate;
Now is the time to stop his course,
Before it is too late.

O, save them from so dread an end,
'Tis duty to your God!
And in the rescued drunkard's thanks
You'll find a safe reward.

Strive on! our power at last will part
The drunkard from his bane;
'Twill overcome the hydra's strength,
'Till all his heads are slain.

Then for the monster's ruthless foot,
No resting place is found;
He, feeble man no more shall slay,
But be forever bound.

Yes! when we join the Temperance cause,
The Tyrant then must fall;
We'll shout with joy at his decease,
The pledge shall be his pall.

A Secret for a Farmer's Wife.—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of good rich cream, and that you will get double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.

Fence Posts.—Fence posts are most enduring when the bark is peeled off, to prevent worms harboring in them; in drying them one summer to avoid moisture; in coating the butt ends three feet, to prevent its return. The best timber is from trees girdled a year or so before they are cut down. Posts should not be split as it divides the grain of the wood, lets in the water, and rots it. The sap of non-resinous trees ferments in heated and moist places, and the wood decays.

Cabbage Lice.—At this particular season of the year, cabbages are very apt to be infected with lice. Take about two pinches of snuff, or any other dust of tobacco, and sprinkle it into the centre of the leaves, and they will all disappear. They cannot stand tobacco.

LOVE AND REVENGE.

Mr. B— entered early into the Hon. East India Company's service, and came out to Madras a fine, bold, spirited and elegant youth. He served through the whole of the war with the Burmese, which broke out soon after he arrived in India; with an intrepidity and bravery equal to that of the other officers who were engaged in that hard service, and many of whom were cut off in the midst of their glorious career. At the conclusion of the war his regiment was ordered back to Madras, while his heart beat high with gratitude for having been permitted to escape unhurt. At one of the native feasts which was held about this time, he became enamored of one of the dancing girls, whose soft mild eye and beautiful figure, for which this particular class is so famed, so completely infatuated his affections, that for a time he thought himself completely happy in the possession of the loved syren.

Two years passed away, during which time he had become too indolent to discard one who once was the object of his affections; but these affections had become cooled by habit and intercourse, and it was not till the arrival from England of the lovely Miss H—, the highly talented and accomplished daughter of Captain —, that he found how visionary and inconstant had been his former attachment.

Miss H— was, indeed, all that a man could paint of beauty, wit, and accomplishments; there was the rosy cheek, the fair open brow, the round and polished arm—in short, all that distinguishes our fair and lovely countrywomen.

Lieutenant B— had many rivals, but he wooed and won her. The day, the happy day, was fixed for their marriage, all his friends partook in the pleasure that beamed from his eye, all save one—that one was Merza, the dancing girl. He had, as soon as he had become acquainted with Miss H—, sent the girl from him with money and jewels, according to the general custom in India, and supposed that she had gone to some other protection, or returned to her own country, as he had not seen her for two or three months. A month, however, previous to his marriage, she came to him and told him to beware—that though parted from him, she still loved; that she could bear to be separated, but to see him married to another, that she could not endure. B— thought this was only to extort money from him; he therefore again loaded her with presents, and sent her to her friends.

The day before the marriage was spent in that bustle and feverish anxiety which is so natural to the occasion, in making his final arrangements in his new bungalow, that was so soon to receive its lovely mistress. All was love and hope with him. The night came—the last he was to sleep in his present quarters. Merza, the now hateful Merza, stood before his bed. "Beware!" said she, "beware! Spurn not the heart and love of Merza; lead not to the altar the fair European; my bitterness, hate and revenge shall follow. If this, my second warning, be heeded, this day month, shall see a mourning widow. Choose now between my fondest love or burning hate!—beware!"

B— sprang from his bed to follow her, but she was gone; the servants were sleeping around the house; no footsteps could be traced to any spot where she could have concealed herself; the whole house was open; any one might have entered or gone out without observation. B— returned to his bed; he felt too happy to think much of this circumstance. The gray morning sun beheld him dressed in his full uniform. One more hour, and he would be the exulting possessor of a lovely bride.

About a week after their marriage, I called upon them; the bride's eye was lighted up with love and her mouth was graced with the happiest smiles; but B— himself looked ill, and he complained slightly of a burning in his stomach, which he had felt, he said, for the last two days. In another week I again called, and I saw him lying listlessly upon a sofa, with his lovely wife beside him, looking anxiously in his pale face. He could eat nothing, and was evidently wearing away. The medical attendant ordered change of air, and he was moved from Palaveram to the Mount, where he declared to his sorrowing wife the prediction of Merza, the dancing girl; related his former connection with her, and expressed his full persuasion that his doom was sealed.

The last week came; deep was the anxiety of his brother officers, the anguish of his doing wife, I cannot describe; all aid was in vain; the day month of his marriage he was laid in his coffin, a senseless corpse—his widow well nigh a maniac, who had scarcely numbered seventeen years. Poor B—'s body was opened, and it was found that ground glass had been administered to him, which completely wore away the coats of the stomach, and which no medicine that had been given him had been able to dislodge. Thus died one of the bravest of the Rangoon heroes. With how much less regret would his brother officers have beheld him stretched amongst the dead on the

THE STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

When first the Star of Temperance rose,
And gleamed amid the moral woe,
Of perished hopes and human woes,
And every virtuous thought effaced—

What joy illumed each saddened brow;
The smile of hope once more appeared;
Each took the consecration vow,
Or sought the pledge, and it revered!

How many a heart with rapture beat—
How many a tear was wiped away;
How many felt their joy complete—
How many blessed the auspicious day!

What joy did swell the widow's heart,
To see her son, from folly led,
From former walks of sin depart,
And choose the paths of peace to tread.

Should not our hearts, for scenes like these,
Break forth in lofty songs of praise?
Let shouts of freemen swell the breeze,

Compound Interest

What is the compound interest of 875 dollars for 34 years at 6 per cent per annum

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Discount

Is an allowance made for the payment of any sum of money before it becomes due or upon advancing ready money for notes bills &c which are payable at a future day what remains after the discount is deducted is the present worth or such a sum as if put to interest would at the given rate and time amount to the given sum or debt

Rule

As the amount of 100 £ or 100 dollars at the given rate and time is to the interest of 100 dollars at the same rate and time so is the given sum to the discount subtract the discount from the given sum and the remainder is the present worth

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MURDER WILL OUT.

It was on a snapping cold night in December, and I had just closed my shutters, stirred the fire, and taken out my knitting work to beguile the time, which was only marked by the ticking of a watch that hung over the mantle piece; and the regular hum of Aunt Rosa whose songs, let them begin where they would, were sure at length, to run into one tune, which good old Uncle Thomas, her last husband, used to call the family tune. At present she was singing something about Boston Town, and took care to trot the child she held in her lap so as not to get out of tune. Aunt Rosa was a living chronicle of olden times—she remembered every event of the Revolutionary war distinctly, and had made no inconsiderable figure herself on the great Theatre of action at that period. I wondered she could not think of some story to amuse one, as she had an inexhaustible store laid up in her memory, and by the way I have often seriously thought of giving her own adventures and romantic history to the public—for no work of fiction that I have ever seen, could rival the romance of real life that this woman could furnish. But as I was saying, she would not talk, but still kept up the family tune, which began to operate upon me like the swinging of a door or the grating of a half closed shutter which had lost one hinge. Happening to have the "curse of nerves," it became truly intolerable; and unable to bear it any longer I went to the window, to take a look at the town by moonlight—It lay beneath the hill upon which my residence was situated—the cold pale moonbeams rested upon the steeple spires, and frozen harbor. The water was like a black fast bound in the icy spears of ice that lay about it. I exhibited a most extraordinary appearance, about some one to go down the well, the tench had become almost intolerable, and the noise had alarmingly increased, the water was continually bubbling up as though propelled by little air guns, which proved the rapid decomposition of the body, whatever it was. The well was so deep that the water could scarce be seen, after it was drawn out, it would require courage, on more than one account, to venture to the bottom, however, a hardy fellow was length found, who for the sake of the large reward offered to go down.

"In the mean time the news had flown, and a vast concourse had collected to see the clearing of the well, and to gratify that passion for rights of honour so common to the multitude, by viewing the mangled and decaying remains of the unfortunate young man. I was truly astonished to see the crowd that had collected; every fence and cottage in the neighborhood was covered with people, and it was by a great effort that the crowd was forced back to make a circle large enough to admit of the clearing of the well. At length it was effected, and the water drawn off—and the hardy adventurer of firm nerves and vast rotundity of figure, with cloths dipped in camphor and high wines, bound round upon his jaws, prepared to descend—he was secured with ropes, which he was instructed to pull as soon as he discovered the cause, unless he could stand it long enough to fasten the body to the ropes. The horror struck and gaping crowd, hung round in breathless attention; towards the bottom he made a hasty plunge, then suddenly jerked the rope with violence—in a moment he was drawn up to the top, which he reached in such a state of suffocation as to prevent for a moment an answer to the questions vociferated by a hundred voices at once, "of what have you found? what is it?" At length drawing, in his plump and sun-burnt cheeks, with an immense aspiration, he exclaimed loud enough to be heard by the whole army of spectators—"White Beans." Here I experienced just such a transition of feeling as the real spectators of the scene underwent—clapping my hands to my sides, I burst into such an immoderate fit of laughter, as had liked to have proved serious, for I really feared I should never get my breath again; tears coursed down my cheeks plentifully, while I only recovered from one fit to relapse into another—the noises, the bubbles, the little air guns, all appeared so natural, that I could not get over it. The same electric effect, it seems agitated the spectators—loud and repeated peals of laughter filled the air, as bucket after bucket full of white beans were drawn up, until several bushels were piled upon the ground, and in the general merriment, the warrant for the Millers apprehension was forgotten. he did not however escape, having to pay for the cleaning, of the well where he had emptied the beans the night after his removal, in order to revenge himself by spoiling the water. To complete the joke, the murdered man in a day or two made his appearance; he had, it seems, gone off in a fit of despair, at being refused by a neighboring beauty, to get a voyage to sea, but failing in procuring one, resolved to return to the paternal mansion until a favourable chance should occur. The fair damsel, whose flinty heart had been moved by the fear of his sudden and dreadful death, was one of the first who encountered him on his return, and in the moment of surprise threw herself headlong into his arms, and avowed her affection—so the story like all other tragical tales, ended in a love match.

THE LIVING PHANTOM—A TRUE STORY
BY CHARLES LAMB.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind; it was my delight, in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shades of the venerable wood my father had bought, and listen to the piping of the old robin, who seemed to be of this retreat as I was.

One evening I sat, later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness and a solitude that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was startled by the sight of a tall, slender female, who was standing by me, looking so sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she moved through the shrubs near me, as if they were made of the finest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could be so stirred from the spot, but she seemed so very mild and beautiful I did not attempt to flee. Her pale brown hair was parted round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and, although she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman, I closed my eyes fiercely with my hands, and, when I looked again, she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not, on my return, speak of this beautiful appearance—nor why, with a strange mixture of joy and fear, I went again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and plashing rain, they never seemed to touch or annoy her, and looked sweetly on me, and slowly passed on; and though she was so near me that once the wind lifted those light, straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I could never move or speak to her. I felt it; and when I recovered my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the heat of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits when I learned that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman—not young, though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spread her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R— and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist, but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well he kept that promise; for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low voiced singing and gentle playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to me, whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined on him. I will pass by this to speak of one day; while brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gaily spoke of "a little festival, which (though it must bear an unworthy name) she meant to give in honor of her guest's recovery." And it is time, lady, said she, "for that guest, so tender and so honored, to tell you his whole story, and to speak to you of one who will help him to thank you; may I ask you fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward." To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart, she seated herself by his couch and smilingly bade him die; but when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue that gave him in one utter look of despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. These eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered by answering looks the fond inquiries of her poor old father.

(From the "Manners and Customs of Society in India," by Mrs. C. C. C.)

Compound Interest

What is the compound interest of 875 dol 90 cts for 32 years
at 6 per cent per annum

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Discount

Is an allowance made for the payment of an account
before it becomes due or upon account of ready cash
bills &c which are paid before due date
after the discount is deducted from the sum due such
a sum as if put to interest at the given rate and time
amount to the given sum or debt

Rule

As the amount of acc. at the time is to the interest
so is the given sum to the discount
subtract the discount from the sum and
is the present worth

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MURDER WILL OUT.

It was on a snapping cold night in December, and I had just closed my shutters, stirred the fire, and taken out my knitting work to beguile the time, which was only marked by the ticking of a watch that hung over the mantle piece; and the regular hum of Aunt Rosa whose songs, let them begin where they would, were sure at length, to run into one tune, which good old Uncle Thomas, her last husband, used to call the family tune. At present she was singing something about Boston Town, and took care to trot the child she held in her lap so as not to get out of tune. Aunt Rosa was a living chronicle of olden times—she remembered every event of the Revolutionary war distinctly, and had made no inconsiderable figure herself on the great Theatre of action at that period. I wondered she could not think of some story to amuse one, as she had an inexhaustible store laid up in her memory, and by the way I have often seriously thought of giving her own adventures and romantic history to the public—for no work of fiction that I have ever seen, could rival the romance of real life that this woman could furnish. But as I was saying, she would not talk, but still kept up the family tune, which began to operate upon me like the swinging of a door or the grating of a half closed shutter which had lost one hinge. Happening to have the "curse of nerves," it became truly intolerable; and unable to bear it any longer I went to the window, to take a look at the town by moonlight—It lay beneath the hill upon which my residence was situated—the cold pale moonbeams rested upon its glittering spires, and frozen harbor. The vessels lay 'spell struck' fast bound in the icy spell, while the frozen earth around, scarcely exhibited a person walking upon its surface, except here and there a hasty footman running to a shelter. The scene was too chilling and once more shutting it from my sight I returned to the fire-side. For want of some thing else to say, I began,—"Aunt Rosa, have you taken notice how bad the water tastes lately?" In such cold weather I cannot account for it." I had by accident touched a chord in memory—a light suddenly shut across her withered features, and she immediately answered. "No I have not, but it reminds me of a singular circumstance, that happened on Rhode Island some years before the old war." "Do for pity sake, tell it Auntie, said I "drawing up my chair, and drawing in my breath at the same time", for I knew by certain symptoms a story was forthwith coming, for she immediately laid the child into the cradle, smoothed her apron, fixed her feet to the fire, and took out her snuff box! This last was quite a drawback upon the pleasure of listening, for in the most interesting parts of the story, it would open and shut so often as to produce in me a most tormenting inclination to sneeze, which I could by no means resist—however one must lay no straws in her way, when she once begins a story. With the first pinch of snuff, then she commenced.

"You doubtless remember the small peninsula, running out Southwest of the town of Newport, where there is now erecting a fort—Fort Adams, I think they call it?" I nodded.—"Well, as long ago as I can remember, there was a Wind Mill upon the spot, together with a pretty little house and garden, and a few scattered dwellings beside, which the war long since leveled. The mill was in a most excellent situation, and commanded a great deal of custom, but unfortunately it was in the hands of a man of hard, penurious disposition, whose crabbed manners and ungracious dealings, had long given offence to various customers; and nothing but a fear of his revengeful temper had prevented his being complained of to the owner, a man of entirely opposite character and feelings, to his unworthy tenant. At length a young man in the neighbourhood, who had been often imposed upon, took measures to secure the proof of his guilt, and ventured to complain of his taking too much toll. It was in vain that the Miller tried to clear himself—proof multiplied upon proof, and he was obliged to throw himself upon the mercy of his landlord, who forbore to take any further vengeance than to dismiss him from the mill in disgrace; he retreated to a distant neighbourhood, not, however, without casting many evil looks towards the residence of the informant, and swearing speedy revenge.

The mill now passed into the hands of a very different person, and the character of the late

Miller would probably soon have died a natural death, had not the excitement been kept up by the occurrence of two remarkable circumstances. In a few days, the young man who had been instrumental in exposing him, was missing;—for a day or two it was supposed he had gone out fishing, with some of the numerous companies continually employed in that business, but as day after day elapsed without any tidings of him, suspicion began to awake, and soon fixed upon the Miller. At this time the water in a deep well belonging to the establishment, began to taste so bad that no one could drink it—the smell of it alone was almost overpowering, and would immediately scent the house, upon bringing in a pail of it; and in addition to this there were noises heard in the well, resembling groans of distress, and there was no deception in the business—the water would bubble up, and send forth strange sounds, which some declared proceeded from the fermentation of some dead body beneath, and others thought were the agonizing groans of the disembodied spirit. At length the talk reached the owner of the mill, who went in person to examine it; convinced by ocular demonstration of the truth of the first part of the story, he resolved without delay to have the well cleaned—in the mean time the neighbours had assembled to consult what was to be done, and it was finally agreed to procure a warrant for the apprehension of the Miller, before the well was cleared, as that might be too late, and there was now no doubt of the murder of the young man. However, some body interposed, and advised he should be narrowly watched, but not seized, until after the well was examined, when the case would be so plain as to exonerate them from all appearance of blame. But now a difficulty arose, about some one to go down the well, the stench had become almost intolerable, and the noise had alarmingly increased, the water was continually bubbling up as though propelled by little air guns, which proved the rapid decomposition of the body, whatever it was. The well was so deep that the water could scarce be seen, and after it was drawn out, it would require more courage, on more than one account, to venture to the bottom, however, a hardy fellow was at length found, who for the sake of the large reward offered to go down.

"In the mean time the news had flown, and a vast concourse had collected to see the clearing of the well, and to gratify that passion for rights of honour so common to the multitude, by viewing the mangled and decaying remains of the unfortunate young man. I was truly astonished to see the crowd that had collected; every fence and cottage in the neighborhood was covered with people, and it was by a great effort that the crowd was forced back to make a circle large enough to admit of the clearing of the well. At length it was effected, and the water drawn off—and the hardy adventurer of firm nerves and vast rotundity of figure, with cloths dipped in camphor and high wines, bound round upon his jaws, prepared to descend—he was secured with ropes, which he was instructed to pull as soon as he discovered the cause, unless he could stand it long enough to fasten the body to the ropes. The horror struck and gaping crowd, hung round in breathless attention; towards the bottom he made a hasty plunge, then suddenly jerked the rope with violence—in a moment he was drawn up to the top, which he reached in such a state of suffocation as to prevent for a moment an answer to the questions vociferated by a hundred voices at once, "of what have you found? what is it?" At length drawing, in his plump and sun-burnt cheeks, with an immense aspiration, he exclaimed loud enough to be heard by the whole army of spectators—"White Beans." Here I experienced just such a transition of feeling as the real spectators of the scene underwent—clapping my hands to my sides, I burst into such an immoderate fit of laughter, as had liked to have proved serious, for I really feared I should never get my breath again; tears coursed down my cheeks plentifully, while I only recovered from one fit to relapse into another—the noises, the bubbles, the little air guns, all appeared so natural, that I could not get over it. The same electric effect, it seems agitated the spectators—loud and repeated peals of laughter filled the air, as bucket after bucket full of white beans were drawn up, until several bushels were piled upon the ground, and in the general merriment, the warrant for the Millers apprehension was forgotten. he did not however es-

cape, having to pay for the cleaning, of the well where he had emptied the beans the night after his removal, in order to revenge himself by spoiling the water. To complete the joke, the murdered man in a day or two made his appearance; he had, it seems, gone off in a fit of despair, at being refused by a neighboring beauty, to get a voyage to sea, but failing in procuring one, resolved to return to the paternal mansion until a favourable chance should occur. The fair damsel, whose flinty heart had been moved by the fear of his sudden and dreadful death, was one of the first who encountered him on his return, and in the moment of surprise threw herself headlong into his arms, and avowed her affection—so the story like all other tragical tales, ended in a love match.

THE LIVING PHANTOM—A TRUE STORY

BY CHARLES LAMB.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind; it was my delight, in the long summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shades of the venerable wood my father had planted, and listen to the cawing of the old rook, who seemed to be the spirit of the forest.

One evening I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was startled by the sight of a tall, slender female, who was standing by me, looking so sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she passed through the bushes near me, as if they were made of the finest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could stir a step from the spot; but she seemed so very mild and beautiful I did not attempt it. Her pale brown hair was bound round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and, although she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman, I closed my eyes fiercely with my hands, and, when I looked again, she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not, on my return, speak of this beautiful appearance—nor why, with a strange mixture of joy and fear, I went again to the same spot that I might see her. She always came, and often in the storm and pelting rain, they never seemed to touch or annoy her, and looked sweetly on me, and I silently passed on; and though she was so near me that twice the wind lifted those light, straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I could never move or speak to her. I felt it; and when I recovered my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the heat of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits when I learned that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman—not young, though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spread her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R———, and conveyed by a trusty domestic to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist, but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter with many tears pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well he kept that promise; for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks.

You may fancy better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low voiced singing and gentle playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to me, whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined on him. I will pass by this to speak of one day; while brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gently spoke of "a little festival, which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant to give in honor of her guest's recovery." And it is time, lady, said she, "for that guest, so tender and so honored, to tell you his whole story, and to speak to you of one who will help him to thank you; may I ask you a fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward." To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as with light steps and a lighter heart, she seated herself by his couch and smilingly bade him die; but when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue that gave him one utter look of despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. These eyes never truly reflected the pure soul, as in, or answered by answering looks the fond inquiries of her poor old father.

[From the "Manners and Customs of Society in India," by Mrs. C. C. C.]

Discount

Bought goods amounting to 515 dollars 75 cts. at 6 months credit
how much ready money must I pay discount at 4% per cent per annum

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A TALE OF MARVEL.

Rumor with one of her ten thousand tongues, brought us a mysterious story yesterday of a "mysterious lady," which so far challenged credit, that we were induced to send a competent witness in the afternoon to procure more particular information. Our agent, after the fullest opportunity of observation, has returned this morning, and communicates the following facts, which we give without embellishment as he relates them:

On Monday night of last week, the family of Mr. Joseph Barron, living in the township of Woodbridge, about three miles from Rahway, in this county, were alarmed after they had retired, by a loud thumping against the house. Mr. B.'s first impression was that some one was attempting to break in, but further observation soon undeceived him. The thumping, however, continued at short intervals, until the family became alarmed, that Mr. B. called in some of his neighbors, who remained up with the family until daylight, when the thumping ceased.

The next evening, after night-fall, the noise recommenced, when it was ascertained to be mysteriously connected with the movements of a servant girl in the family,—a white girl about 14 years of age. While passing a window on the stairs, for example, a sudden jar accompanied with an explosive sound broke a pane of glass, the girl at the same moment being seized with a violent spasm. This of course very much alarmed her; and the physician (Dr. Drake) was sent for, came, and bled her. The bleeding, however, produced no apparent effect; the noise still continued as before, at intervals, wherever the girl went, each sound producing more or less of a spasm, and the physician with the family remained up again during the night. At daylight the thumping ceased again. On the third evening the same thing was repeated, commencing a little earlier than before, and so every evening since, continuing each night until morning, and commencing every evening a little earlier than before, until yesterday, when the thumping began about 12 o'clock at noon.

The circumstances were soon generally spread through the neighborhood, and have produced so much excitement that the house has been filled and surrounded from sunset to sunrise every night for nearly a week. Every imaginable means have been resorted to in order to unravel the phenomenon. At one time the girl would be removed from one apartment to another, but without effect. Wherever she was placed, at uncertain intervals the sudden thumping noise would be heard in the room. She was taken to a neighbor's house, the same result followed.—When carried out of doors, however, no noise is heard. Dr. Drake, who has been constant in his attentions during the whole period, occasionally aided by other scientific observers, was with us last evening for two hours, when we were politely allowed to make a variety of experiments with the girl in addition to those heretofore tried, to satisfy ourselves that there is no imposition in the case, and if possible to discover the secret agent of the mystery.

The girl was in the upper room, with a part of the family, when we reached the house. The noise then resembled that which could be produced by a person violently thumping the upper floor with the head of an axe, five or six times in quick succession, jarring the house, ceasing a few minutes, and then resuming as before. We were soon introduced into the apartment, and permitted to observe for ourselves. The girl appeared to be in perfect health, cheerful, and free from the spasms felt at first, and entirely relieved from every thing like fear or apprehension which she manifested for some days. The invisible noise, however, continued to occur as before, though somewhat diminished in frequency and sound while we were in the room. In order to ascertain more satisfactorily that she did not produce it voluntarily, among other experiments we placed her on a chair on a blanket in the centre of the room, bandaged the chair with cloth, fastening her feet on the front round, and confining her hands together on her lap. No change, however, was produced—the thumping continued as before, except that it was not quite so loud, the noise resembling that which would be produced by stamping on the floor with a heavy heel. Yet she did move a limb nor a muscle that we could discover. She remained in this position long enough to satisfy all in the room that the girl exercised voluntarily no sort of agency in producing the noise. It was observed that the noise became greater the farther she was removed from any other person. We placed her in the doorway of a closet in the room, the door being ajar to allow her to stand in the passage. In less than a minute the door flew open, as if violently struck with a mallet, accompanied with precisely such a noise as such a thump would produce. This was repeated several times with the same effect. In short, in whatever position she was placed, whether in or out of the room, similar results, varied a little, perhaps, by circumstances, were produced. There is certainly no deception in the case. And now for conjecture. For ourselves we offer none; but among other conjectures which have been suggested by Dr. D. and others, is that the phenomenon is electrical.

This conjecture is supposed to be supported by the fact that the noise is prevented by the intervention of substances that are non-conductors; as for instance, when a pillow was placed between her person and the door in which she stood, no noise or effect whatever was discoverable. So when she gets upon a feather bed: and again it

she lays at length upon the floor, the thumping appears to be near her head, which is very much affected at the moment of the report, so much so that she screams; on one such occasion she said it appeared as if some one was "knocking her brains out."

The noise of the reports may be heard at least 100 yards from the house.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Mr. Gough had been spending a week in Hartford. At one of his meetings, the following ode, composed by Mrs. Sigourney, was sung by a large and efficient choir.

From the parent's fond protection,
From his pleasant native glen,
Youth, with reckless spirit hasteth,
To the crowded haunts of men;
Hidden snares and tempters meet him,
Lo! he falleth by the way,
Kneel and raise him,—kneel and raise him,
He hath fallen by the way,
Full of pride, and self-reliance,
With a warrior's haughty eye,
Dauntless, to the world's encounter,
Manhood in his strength went by,
Foes in ambush gather'd round him,
He hath fallen by the way,
Kneel and warn him,—kneel and raise him,
He hath fallen by the way.

Heavenly Father! Thou who knowest
All the weakness of the breast,
All the sorrows of the lowly,
All the frailties of the best,
Teach us, for our erring brethren,
With a humbled soul to pray,
Deign to help them,—deign to save them,
They have fallen by the way.

Drink, friends, the parting hour draws nigh,
Drink, and forget your care,
The sultry summer noon is high,
Drink, and your strength repair;
The farmer, with his toil-brown hands,
The soldier, tired of slaughter,
The camel 'mid the desert sands
Desire the cooling water.

Our father Sun, the example gives,
Our mother Earth also,
He, jocund drinks above the sky,
She, thirsting drinks below;
Drink friends,—drink deep, before we part,
To absent wife, or daughter,
Or bright-eyed maid, who rules your heart,
Drink deep,—but only water!

A GOOD HUSBAND.

When you see a young man modest and retiring in his manners, who cares less about his dress than his moral character, depend upon it, ladies, he will make an excellent husband. If you see one that is kind and attentive to his mother, affectionate to his sister, industrious in his habits and economical in his business, rest assured you have found one of whom you will never be ashamed! The ball-room is no place to find a husband; the fashionable assembly is no place; it is in the retirement of home, in the place of business, where you can study the character and the disposition; and where the best outside is not put on for effect and display. Many a young woman sadly misses it, who is carried away by a bright look and a splendid dress. The man who makes the most polite bow and is most graceful in his manners, is not always the most suitable person for a husband. Look at the heart, study the character, and learn the disposition.

We knew a beautiful young lady, beautiful to look upon, we mean, who turned up her pretty nose at a shoemaker and refused to acknowledge a painter in the streets, who finally married a dashing fop, the son of a wealthy man. Poor girl! a few years' misery passed away, and her husband became reduced, and she to maintain him actually took in washing. Many a shoemaker's wife and many a painter's daughter has contributed to her comfort during the last few years of her life. Girls, be wise and look at the heart, the character, if you want good husbands.

ACCIDENT.—The steamer Mohegan, with about forty passengers from Stonington for Newport, on Saturday morning last, in the fog, got on shore on Watch Hill reef, where she lay until about noon, when she returned to Stonington, with the loss of rudder. The passengers were taken on to Newport by the Massachusetts.—Exchange paper.

Accident, forsooth! She touched a rock, called, we believe, "the sugar loaf," and broke off one of the eyes of her rudder, that's all. The sad effect of steaming it!

A SCENE OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

We were bound on a voyage down the coast of Africa, and round the Cape of Good Hope. We had a picked crew; all—with one exception—able-bodied, resolute men, long inured to the sea. The one excepted was Henry Sommers, a fair, delicate lad, of about twenty, who, from the weakness of his constitution, was far fitter to enjoy the endearments of home, than to combat with the winds and waves. Why he was ever shipped, I cannot tell; but of one thing I am certain, it was not from any inclination on his part for the ocean. He had none of that elasticity of soul—that joyous buoyancy so natural to the young. A deep melancholy seemed to have settled upon his spirits. His cheek was pale—very pale. His eyes had lost their wonted fire, and gave an expression of habitual sadness to his features, though in times of unusual excitement, they would brighten up with a lightning flash, that told of hidden feeling and undeveloped energies. He soon became a general favorite. His gentle, inoffensive manners so won upon the hearts of all the crew, that Dirk Garford was the only soul on board, who would not have periled his life to do him a service.

Dirk was one of those disagreeable characters, too often found in society; who, possessed of great bodily strength, consider themselves entitled to domineer over those with whom they come in contact, if they are not blessed with such powerful frames as will enable them to resist the usurpation. He was of a most quarrelsome disposition, ever ready to insult, and equally ready to pursue, with untiring vengeance, all who attempted to retaliate.

From some unknown cause, he had taken a dislike to Harry. I suppose from the influence the latter possessed over his comrades; an influence which he, with all his bullying, had never been able to obtain. However it might be, he took every opportunity to quarrel with him. It was borne for some time with patience, but at last the crew took the lad's part, and swore if Dirk continued his present course of conduct, they would flog him. He defied them, and struck the lad. True to their determination, they fastened him to the windlass, and gave him a round dozen each, with a rope's end. His dislike was now deepened into hatred.

For a long time we had head winds, and a stormy sea. This was nothing to us old sea-dogs; but Harry felt it severely. Poor fellow! I could not help pitying him, as I gazed on his pale cheeks, and saw him handle the rough tarry ropes with hands almost as white and delicate as a girl's. It was evident he had seen better days, and that he felt the change, though he never uttered a complaint, nor shrunk from his duties while he was able to perform them. There was a mystery about him which we were never able to penetrate, for his career was short. In less than two months after leaving port, he was taken sick and died.

The circumstances accompanying this event, were of a nature calculated to excite much interest, and there was a murmuring among the crew, and hints of foul play. These soon increased to broad insinuations, directed against Dirk; but they either fell upon dead ears, or, when they were too plain to be misunderstood, were received with an indignation that appeared utterly incompatible with guilt. The surgeon declared that Henry died of a disease peculiar to the African coast; and the Captain appeared satisfied that it was so. Suspicion was, therefore, if not destroyed, at least lulled to sleep; and the body of the unfortunate youth was consigned to the ocean depths.

Months passed away, and we were on our return, when we were becalmed off the Cape of Good Hope. It was a beau-

Discount

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Annuities

An annuity is a sum of money payable every year or for a certain of years or forever

When the debt keeps the annuity in his own hands beyond the time of payment it is said to be in arrear the sum of all the annuity for the time they have been forborne together with the interest due on each is called the amount if annuity is bought off or paid off at once at the beginning of the first year and the price which is paid for it is called the present worth to find the amount of annuity a

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	1128,00			
	1152,00			
	1176,00			
	1200,00			
	1224,00			
	1248,00			
	1272,00			
	1296,00			
	1320,00			
	1344,00			
	1368,00			
	1392,00			
	1416,00			
	1440,00			
	1464,00			
	1488,00			
	1512,00			
	1536,00			
	1560,00			
	1584,00			
	1608,00			
	1632,00			
	1656,00			
	1680,00			
	1704,00			
	1728,00			
	1752,00			
	1776,00			
	1800,00			
	1824,00			
	1848,00			
	1872,00			
	1896,00			
	1920,00			
	1944,00			
	1968,00			
	1992,00			
	2016,00			
	2040,00			
	2064,00			
	2088,00			
	2112,00			
	2136,00			
	2160,00			
	2184,00			
	2208,00			
	2232,00			
	2256,00			
	2280,00			
	2304,00			
	2328,00			</

what is £ yearly rent to continue 5 years worth in ready money at 6 per cent

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \\ 106. \quad 100 \quad 90 \\ \hline 100 \quad 80 \quad 00 \quad 75 \quad 9 \quad 5 \quad 0 \\ \hline 742 \\ \hline 580 \\ \hline 530 \\ \hline 50 \\ \hline 1000 \\ \hline 954 \\ \hline 46 \\ \hline 12 \\ \hline 552 \\ \hline 530 \\ \hline 22 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \\ 114. \quad 100 \quad 80 \\ \hline 114 \quad 80 \quad 00 \quad 118 \quad 4 \\ \hline 184 \\ \hline 160 \\ \hline 114 \\ \hline 48 \\ \hline 20 \\ \hline 980 \\ \hline 896 \\ \hline 84 \\ \hline 768 \\ \hline 672 \\ \hline 96 \\ \hline 4 \\ \hline 394 \\ \hline 336 \\ \hline 58 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \\ 118. \quad 100 \quad 80 \\ \hline 118 \quad 80 \quad 00 \quad 57 \quad 15 \quad 11 \quad 0 \\ \hline 708 \\ \hline 920 \\ \hline 820 \\ \hline 99 \\ \hline 30 \\ \hline 1980 \\ \hline 118 \\ \hline 700 \\ \hline 590 \\ \hline 110 \\ \hline 12 \\ \hline 1320 \\ \hline 118 \\ \hline 140 \\ \hline 118 \\ \hline 22 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \\ 124. \quad 100 \quad 80 \\ \hline 124 \quad 80 \quad 00 \quad 54 \quad 19 \quad 3 \quad 3 \\ \hline 744 \\ \hline 500 \\ \hline 492 \\ \hline 80 \\ \hline 20 \\ \hline 1280 \\ \hline 124 \\ \hline 40 \\ \hline 12 \\ \hline 480 \\ \hline 372 \\ \hline 108 \\ \hline 4 \\ \hline 432 \\ \hline 372 \\ \hline 60 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \\ 130. \quad 100 \quad 80 \\ \hline 130 \quad 80 \quad 00 \quad 51 \quad 10 \quad 9 \quad 0 \\ \hline 130 \\ \hline 200 \\ \hline 130 \\ \hline 90 \\ \hline 20 \\ \hline 1400 \\ \hline 130 \\ \hline 100 \\ \hline 12 \\ \hline 1400 \\ \hline 1120 \\ \hline 30 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \quad \text{\textit{£}} \\ 75. \quad 9 \quad 5 \quad 0 \\ \hline 75 \quad 8 \quad 5 \quad 3 \\ \hline 58 \quad 15 \quad 11 \quad 0 \\ \hline 84 \quad 16 \quad 3 \quad 3 \\ \hline 61 \quad 10 \quad 9 \quad 0 \\ \hline 340 \quad 14 \quad 11 \quad 4 \end{array}$$

Is finding the equate time to pay at several debts due at different periods of time so that no loss shall be sustained by either party

Rule &c &c

Multiply each payment by its time and divide the sum of the several products by the whole debt and the quotient will be the equated time for the payment of the whole

Examples

1. A owes B \$880 dollars to be paid as follows viz 100 in 6 months 120 dollars in 7 months and 160 dollars in 10 months what is the equated time for the payment of the whole debt

$$\begin{array}{r} 100 \times 6 = 600 \\ 120 \times 7 = 840 \\ 160 \times 10 = 1600 \\ \hline 350 \quad 3893040 \end{array}$$

A merchant hath owing him 300 £ to be paid as follows 50 £ at 2 months 100 £ at 5 months and the rest at 8 months and it is agreed to make one payment of the whole & demand the equated time

$$\begin{array}{r} 50 \quad 2 \quad 100 \\ 100 \quad 5 \quad 500 \\ 150 \quad 8 \quad 1200 \\ \hline 300 \quad 1900 \end{array}$$

11 1/3 months

I owes B 100 dollars whereof 200 dollars is to be paid present 400 dollars at 5 months and the rest at 15 months but they agree to make one payment of the whole & demand when that time

$$\begin{array}{r} 200 \quad 0 \quad 200 \\ 400 \quad 5 \quad 2000 \\ 400 \quad 15 \quad 6000 \\ \hline 1000 \quad 8000 \end{array}$$

Annuities

A Merchant has due to him a certain sum of money to be paid
One six at 2 months one third at 3 months and the rest at 6 months
What is the equated time for the payment of the whole

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \frac{1}{6} \overline{) 300} \\
 \underline{50} \\
 250
 \end{array}
 \qquad
 \begin{array}{r}
 50 \times 2 = 100 \\
 100 \times 3 = 300 \\
 150 \times 6 = 900 \\
 \hline
 300 \overline{) 1300} \begin{array}{l} 4 \\ 4 \end{array} \\
 \underline{1200} \\
 100
 \end{array}
 \qquad
 \begin{array}{r}
 300 \\
 150 \\
 \hline
 150
 \end{array}$$

Barter

Is the exchanging of one commodity for another and directs merchants
and traders how to make the exchange without loss to either
Party.

Rule

find the value of the commodity whose quantity is given
then find what quantity of the other at the proposed rate can
be bought for the same money and it gives the answer

Examples

How much wheat at 1 dollar 25 cts per bushel must be given
in barter for 50 bushels of rye at 20 cts per bushel

$$\begin{array}{r}
 20 \text{ cts} \\
 125 \overline{) 3500} \begin{array}{l} 28 \\ 7 \end{array} \\
 \underline{2500} \\
 1000
 \end{array}$$

Barter

How much rice at 28^s per cwt must be bartered for 3 1/2 cwt of raisins at 5^d per lb

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{lb} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \quad \text{qr} \\
 10:50:3:2 \\
 \hline
 4 \\
 14 \\
 \hline
 28 \\
 112 \\
 \hline
 28 \\
 392 \\
 \hline
 28 \\
 15 \\
 \hline
 336 \\
 1950 \quad 5:3:9 \quad 112 \text{ ans} \\
 1680 \\
 \hline
 260 \\
 4 \\
 \hline
 1120 \\
 1008 \\
 \hline
 112 \\
 28 \\
 \hline
 896 \\
 224 \\
 \hline
 3136 \\
 3024 \\
 \hline
 112 \\
 336
 \end{array}$$

How much tea at 4^s 9^d per lb must be given in barter for 12 gallons of brandy at 12^s 3^d per gallon

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{gal} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \quad \text{qr} \\
 1 \quad 12 \quad 3 \frac{1}{2} \quad 0 \\
 \hline
 12 \\
 1474 \\
 \hline
 78 \\
 39 \\
 \hline
 1173 \\
 1038 \\
 \hline
 11565
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{lb} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \quad \text{qr} \\
 4:9:11503:1 \\
 \hline
 12 \\
 59:57/14505/201:1533 \\
 \hline
 114 \\
 101 \\
 \hline
 87 \\
 48 \\
 \hline
 15 \\
 298 \\
 \hline
 488 \\
 51758/13 \\
 \hline
 51 \\
 198 \\
 \hline
 141 \\
 34 \\
 \hline
 54
 \end{array}$$

A and B bartered A had 18 cwt of sugar at 12^s 6^d per lb for which B gave him 12 cwt of flour what was the flour rated at per lb

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{cwt} \quad \text{lb} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \quad \text{qr} \\
 18:110:8:8 \\
 \hline
 4200 \quad 1088 \quad 5:5 \\
 392 \\
 \hline
 596 \\
 144 \\
 \hline
 2016
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{lb} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \quad \text{qr} \\
 12:12:8:1 \\
 \hline
 4 \\
 33 \\
 \hline
 28 \\
 254 \\
 \hline
 88 \\
 924 \\
 \hline
 12 \\
 11088
 \end{array}$$

Barter 8.

B delivered 3 hhd of brandy at 25 50 per gallon to C for 155 yds of cloth what was the cloth per yard Ans 108

$$\begin{array}{r} 53 \\ 3 \\ \hline 159 \\ 30 \\ \hline 1890 \\ 12515120 \\ \hline 125155010 \text{ ans} \\ 125 \end{array}$$

D gives E 250 yds of druggist at 20 cts per yd for 319 lbs of pepper what does the pepper stand him in per lb

$$\begin{array}{r} 319 \cdot 250 \cdot 30 \\ 30 \\ \hline 319 \cdot 7500 \cdot 30 \cdot 30 \\ 333 \\ \hline 4120 \\ 954 \\ \hline 10064 \\ 1542 \end{array}$$

A and B bartered A had 9 cwt of rice at 21 50 per cwt for which B gave him 20 50 in money and the rest in sugar at 80 per lb demand how much sugar B must give A besides the

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{cwt} \\ 41 \\ 41 \\ \hline 91 \\ 85 \\ \hline 861 \\ 400 \\ \hline 461 \\ 12 \\ \hline 5532 \\ 41 \\ \hline 875532 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \\ 287091 \cdot 24 \\ 50 \\ \hline 131 \\ 112 \\ \hline 192 \end{array}$$

6: 20: 12 1/2 ans

Barter ~~Rodney~~ ~~Dyer~~

two farmers bartered A had 120 bushels of wheat at 14 dollars
per bushel for which B gave him 100 bushels of barley worth
65 ct per bushel and the balance in oats at 40 ct
per bushel what quantity of oats did it receive from B

120	100
1150	65
6000	500
120	600
18000	8500
6500	8500
11500	11500
	48 1/2

A hath linen cloth worth 200 on ell ready money but in
barter he will have 200 yds of B's broadcloth worth 14500
per yard ready money at what price ought B to rate his
cloth in barter so as to be equivalent to A's bartering price

20	2	19
		12
		119
20348	119	4
20		210
113		
140		
13		
134		
20		
13		
4		
5470		
6548		
508		

Providence, March the 4th 1820

~~R. Baxter R. I. D.~~

A has 225 of shalloon at 2 ready money per yard which
he barter with B at 2.50 per yard taking indigo at 12.5
or per lb which is worth but 10. how much indigo will
pay for the shalloon and on he get the best bargain

$$\begin{array}{r}
 225 \\
 \times 2 \\
 \hline
 450 \\
 22-10 \\
 \hline
 20450
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2 \quad 2.5 \quad 2.2 \quad 10 \\
 12 \\
 \hline
 29
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 20 \\
 450 \\
 29 \\
 \hline
 4070 \\
 900 \\
 \hline
 4970
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 12 \quad 6 \quad 1 \quad 6525 \\
 12 \\
 \hline
 150
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 150 \quad 6525 \quad 43\frac{1}{2} \\
 600 \\
 525 \\
 420 \\
 150 \quad 12 \\
 \hline
 150
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 2 \quad 2 \\
 12 \quad 10 \quad 43\frac{1}{2} \\
 10 \\
 \hline
 2043\frac{1}{2} \\
 21:15
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 22:10 \\
 21:15 \\
 \hline
 15
 \end{array}$$

A and B barter A hath 145 gallons of brandy at 120
per gallon ready money but in barter he will have 1 dollar 35.00
per gallon B has linen at 5.00 per yard ready money
how must B sell his linen per yard in proportion
to A's bartering price and how many yards are equivalent
to A's brandy &c

$$\begin{array}{r}
 120 \quad 135 \quad 58 \\
 58 \\
 \hline
 1080 \\
 675 \\
 \hline
 1755
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 120 \quad 135 \quad 58 \\
 58 \\
 \hline
 1080 \\
 675 \\
 \hline
 1755
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 120 \quad 135 \quad 58 \\
 58 \\
 \hline
 1080 \\
 675 \\
 \hline
 1755
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 120 \quad 135 \quad 58 \\
 58 \\
 \hline
 1080 \\
 675 \\
 \hline
 1755
 \end{array}$$

Loss and gain

Is a rule by which merchants and traders discover their profit or loss in buying and selling their goods it also instructs them to rise or fall in the price of their goods so as to gain or lose so much per cent or otherwise questions in this rule are answered by the rule of three

Examples

Bought a piece of cloth containing 85 yards for 191 dollars 25 cts and sold the same at 2 dollars 25 cts per yard what is the profit upon the whole price

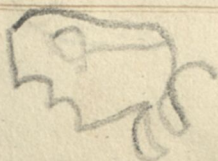
$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{\$ ct} \\
 191 \\
 85 \\
 \hline
 1405 \\
 2248 \\
 \hline
 2383 \\
 19125 \\
 \hline
 \text{ans } 47150
 \end{array}$$

Bought 12 lb out of sugar at 3 dollars 45 cts a cwt and sold it again at 4 cts a pound what was the whole gain



$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{cwt lb} \\
 12 \\
 45 \\
 \hline
 56 \\
 29 \\
 \hline
 408 \\
 100 \\
 \hline
 1900 \\
 5808 \\
 \hline
 4318 \\
 1281 \\
 \hline
 \text{\$ ct nulls}
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{\$ ct} \\
 345 \\
 124 \\
 \hline
 1724 \\
 4140 \\
 \hline
 43124
 \end{array}$$



~~Loss not gain~~

Bought 11 cwt of sugar at 11 sh per lb but could not sell it again for any more than ~~11 sh~~ per cwt did I gain or lose by my bargain

11 cwt 11 sh 0 p
1 0 0

44
28
35 2
44
123 2

11 cwt 11 sh 0 p
1 0 0

11
24
30 15

11 cwt 11 sh 0 p
1 0 0



Bought 11 cwt of sugar at 11 sh per lb and sold it again for 12 sh per cwt

each pound 10 sh

11 cwt 11 sh 0 p
1 0 0

20
38

44 40 2 10 sh
44
44 40 2 10 sh
44

119 gallons of molasses containing 119 gallons at 52 sh per gallon for carting the same 1 dollar 25 cts and by selling 9 gallons hooked out at what rate must I sell the remainder per gallon to gain 13 dollars in the whole

119
9
110

119
52
238
595
51 88
135
1300
110 12 51 31 291 2
850
1013
990
230
220
10

Loss and gain

Is a rule by which merchants and traders discover their profit or loss in buying and selling their goods it also instructs them to rise or fall in the price of their goods so as to gain or lose so much percent or otherwise as they see fit in this rule are answered by the rule of three.

CHAMBERLAIN

Bought a piece of cloth containing 19 1/2 yards
25 cts and sold the same at 2 dollars per yard
what is the profit with the m.

\$ ct
381
85
5

Bought 12¹/₂ oz of 300 for 45 ds a cent
and sold it for 45 ds a cent
gain

$\begin{array}{r} 845 \\ 12\frac{1}{2} \\ 172\frac{1}{2} \\ 4140 \\ 4312\frac{1}{2} \end{array}$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 5 \\
 28 \\
 \hline
 408 \\
 100 \\
 \hline
 1900
 \end{array}$$

~~Loss and gain~~

Bought 11 cwt of sugar at 5s a per lb but could not sell it again for any more than ~~£10~~ per cwt did I gain or lose by my bargain

£	Cwt	Qr	lb		Cwt	£	Qr	lb
1	0	11	0	0	1	2	10	11
				4				
				44				
				28				
				352				
				48				
				1232				
				0 1/2				
				616				
£	Qr			7392				
1	0	12		5008				
				2016515				
				3319				
				3015				
				4119				

Bought 44 lb of tea for 5 £ 18 S and sold it again for 3 £ 10 S 6 D what was the profit on each pound This 10 S

£	S	D
5	18	0
3	10	6
	1	18
		6
	20	
	38	
	12	
	50	40
	44	
	352	213
		44

Bought a hhd of molasses containing 119 gallons at 52 cts per gallon paid for carting the same 1 dollar 25 cts and by accident 9 gallons leaked out at what rate must I sell the remainder per gallon to gain 15 dollars in the whole

119	119
9	52
110	239
	595
	5178
	135
	1300
	110761315912
	550
	1013
	990
	230
	220
	10

Loss and Gain

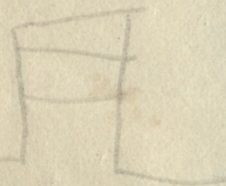
11 to Know what is gain or lost per cent

Rule

first see what the gain or loss is by subtraction then as the price it cost is to the gain or loss so is 100 £ or 100 to the gain or loss per cent

Examples

If I buy Irish linen at 2s per yard and sell it again at 2s 8d per yard what do I gain per cent or in laying out 100 £



$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{£} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \\
 2 \quad 8 \quad 100 \\
 \hline
 2000 \\
 20000 \\
 2052500 \\
 \hline
 33018
 \end{array}$$

Bought sugar at 24d per lb and sold it again at 2s 17d per cwt what did I gain per cent

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{£} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \\
 24 \quad 112 \\
 \hline
 268 \\
 26800 \\
 \hline
 2012 \\
 311
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 \text{£} \quad \text{s} \quad \text{d} \\
 20 \quad 17 \quad 100 \\
 \hline
 2000 \\
 11
 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r}
 392000/25, 19, 5, 3/4 \\
 154 \\
 480 \\
 385 \\
 75 \\
 20 \\
 8500 \\
 17 \\
 130 \\
 593 \\
 34 \\
 12 \\
 449 \\
 385 \\
 19 \\
 238 \\
 831
 \end{array}$$

Loss and Gain.

If I buy 12 blcks of wine for £20.4 and sell the same again at 19^l 17^s 6^d per btl. do I gain or lose and what per cent

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \overline{) 20.4} \\ 17 \\ \hline 3 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} £ \quad s. \quad d. \\ 17 \quad 0 \quad 0 \\ 19 \quad 17 \quad 6 \\ \hline 2 \quad 17 \quad 6 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 17 \quad 2 \quad 2 \quad 5 \quad 100 \\ 20 \\ \hline 42 \\ 12 \\ \hline 516 \\ 100 \quad 12 \\ \hline 11 \overline{) 51000} \quad 3000 \\ 51 \\ \hline 100 \quad 12 \end{array}$$

At 14d profit in a shilling how much per cent are 12 £ 100

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \quad 12 \quad 100 \\ 20 \\ \hline 2000 \\ 12 \\ \hline 24000 \\ 12 \\ \hline 12000 \\ 24000 \\ \hline 12 \overline{) 36000} \\ 12 \overline{) 3000} \\ 25000 \\ 12 \overline{) 10} \\ 12 \overline{) 10} \\ 12 \overline{) 10} \end{array}$$

At 25d profit in a dollar how much per cent

$$\begin{array}{r} 100 \quad 25 \quad 100 \\ 100 \\ \hline 100 \overline{) 2500} \\ 2500 \end{array}$$

Note When goods are bought or sold on credit you must calculate by discount the present worth of their price in order to find your true gain or loss &c

Examples

Loss and Gain

1 first Bought 154 yds of Broadcloth at 14s 8d per yard ready money and sold the same again for 15s 4d 10s on 5 months credit what did i gain by the whole allowing discount at 5 per cent a year

$\begin{array}{r} \text{As } 103 \quad 100 \quad 154 \text{ } 10 \quad 150 \quad 0 \text{ present worth} \\ \quad \quad \quad 118 \quad 18 \text{ prime cost} \\ \hline \text{£51 } 8 \text{ } 6 \end{array}$

2 if I buy cloth at 4 dollars 50 cts per yard on eight month credit and sell it again at 5 dollars 90 cts per yard ready money what do i lose per cent allowing 5 per cent discount on the purchase price

$\begin{array}{r} 100 \\ 3 = \frac{1}{4} 1500 \\ 2 = \frac{1}{2} 300 \\ \hline 400 \end{array}$

$\frac{100}{10400} :: 100 :: 416$

$\begin{array}{r} 100 \\ 10400 \text{ } 916000 \\ \hline 4200 \end{array}$

$\begin{array}{r} 4 \text{ } 8 \text{ } 8 \\ 4 \text{ } 10 \text{ } 100 \\ \hline 471600 \end{array}$

169 SKET

$\begin{array}{r} 410 \\ 18 \\ \hline 400 \\ 390 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$

To know how a commodity must be sold to gain or lose so much per cent

Rule



Religio

Longy. 80. 100. 120.



Wm



Wm

Wm

